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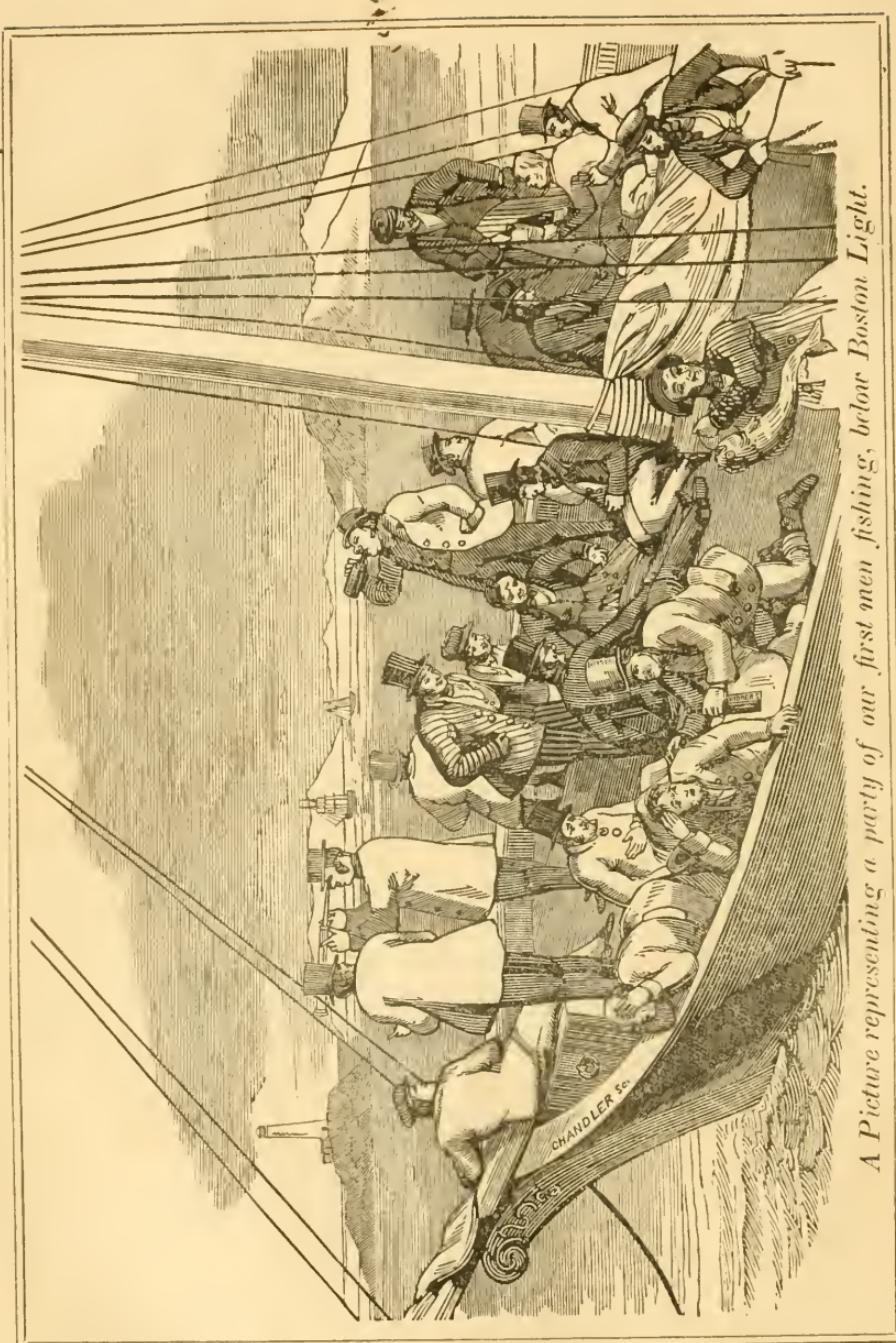
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*A Picture representing a party of our first men fishing, before Boston Light.*

# NOTES

ON THE

# SEA-SHORE;

OR

## RANDOM SKETCHES,

IN relation to the ancient town of Hull, its settlement, its inhabitants, and its social and political institutions; to the fisheries, fishing parties, and boat sailing; to Boston harbor and its islands; to Plymouth, Cohasset, Hingham, Weymouth, Squantum, Quincy, &c.; to wrecks and wreckers; to an indignation meeting at Hull, to protest against the frequency of shipwrecks on our coast; anecdote of Mitchell, and a sketch of his character; to the ministers of Hull, from its first settlement; to the Massachusetts Humane Society; to the disastrous effects of the sea upon the islands in Boston harbor; to remarkable fish stories, and the making of fish and clam chowders; to frog-fishing, clam-digging, lobster-catching, and hog-killing, at Hull; in short, to some two or three hundred other interesting subjects, all of which are noticed in the table of contents.

BY THE "SHADE OF ALDEN."



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HE WHO MAKES TWO MEN LAUGH WHERE ONLY ONE LAUGHED BEFORE,  
IS A BENEFACTOR OF THE HUMAN RACE.

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BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY REDDING & CO., STATE STREET,  
AND FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY.

1848.

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF SOME OF THE AUTHOR'S FRIENDS,

AND

R E S P E C T F U L L Y D E D I C A T E D

To that popular revenue officer and generous hearted friend of seamen and of the human race,

C A P T . J O S I A H S T U R G I S ,

*The NEPTUNE of Boston Bay and its neighboring waters, and a BOSTON BOY.*

~~~~~  
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by

WILLIAM CHADWICK,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.  
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WILLIAM CHADWICK, PRINTER, EXCHANGE STREET.

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FRONTISPIECE—an engraving, representing a fashionable fishing party—"some of our first men"—engaged in the various pursuits and amusements common on such occasions. It is a humorous picture, ingeniously designed, and handsomely executed.

### PREFATORY REMARKS.

#### LETTERS FROM HULL.

LETTER I. Hull; the fisheries; fat mackerel; the mackerel fishery in general, but particularly in Hull Bay; lobster catching, and some account of the trade; hints to young fishermen, with regard to their dress, lines, manner of fishing, &c.; some remarks touching the dangers of boat sailing, by inexperienced persons.

II. The town of Hull, its inhabitants, and their pursuits; wrecks and wreckers; the Massasoit; life-boats and humane-houses; danger of travelling on Nantasket beach during a N.E. snow storm; state of religion and religious feeling in Hull; its ministers, lawyers, and physicians; the Boston Light; Long-Island Head, and the inner light-house; Rainsford-Island; the cutter Hamilton, and Captain Sturgis; Deer-Island, and the new hospital.

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## PREFATORY REMARKS.

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DURING the summer of 1845 a number of letters from Hull were published in the *BOSTON POST*, and, unexpectedly to the writer of them, attracted considerable attention, and some commendation. They were hastily written, to "kill time," at moments when it was inconvenient to fish, or to indulge in any of the other amusements so common at the numerous places of summer resort on the New-England sea-shore. Since their first appearance, the author of them has been repeatedly advised to publish the whole series, in pamphlet form; and, in accordance with the recommendation of his friends, he now throws before the reading public a work which, while it may contribute to the amusement and instruction of the votary of innocent pleasure, in his hours of leisure and recreation, he humbly trusts will give offence to no one.

This work embraces not only the letters which appeared in the paper referred to,—as revised, and with copious additions,—but contains, also, several others, which were written about the same time, but which have not before been published: owing to the lateness of the travelling season, they were withheld by the writer of them, and have been *seasoning* ever since. These relate to Plymouth, New-Bedford, Nantucket, and many other places on the *SOUTH-SHORE*—to Squantum and Neponset, previous to and since the commencement of the present century—to Apple and Deer Islands, and some interesting and romantic incidents connected with them—to Point Shirley and its vicinity, to Phillips's Beach, Nahant, Cape Ann, Newburyport, Salem, Lynn, East-Boston, Chelsea, Charlestown, and some other places on the *NORTH-SHORE*—and, finally, to the delightful rides which the city of Boston and its vicinity afford, not only to our own resi-

dents, but to the thousands of intelligent strangers who honor the metropolis of New-England with a visit during the summer months, in search of health and innocent amusement. The whole series, the writer has the vanity to believe, will be read with interest, especially by those who are at all acquainted with the scenes and the circumstances he has—feebly, he is apprehensive—attempted to describe.

The descendants of the Pilgrims, who landed on Plymouth rock, are scattered broadcast through the length and breadth of this favored land; while the seas of every ocean are whitened with the canvass of their merchants and mariners. There is not a true New-England man but will rejoice to be carried back to the endearing scenes of his childhood—to the islands, and the shores, in and about Boston bay.

At least two-thirds of this work may be considered *fresh matter*. The FIRST PART of it relates, in a considerable degree, to fishing and the fisheries, and kindred subjects, all of which are important to the people of the New-England coast, vast numbers of whom obtain their livelihood by a skilful and industrious use of the line, hook and sinker. In the words of one of our ablest native poets we are thus reminded of this fact:—

“On the Banks of Newfoundland,  
Let your boats and tars command ;  
For a mine of wealth you keep,  
In the bank beneath the deep—  
Whose charter, glorious charter,  
Is renewed by every sea !”

The hints given to young amateur fishermen, and those relating to the dangers of boat-sailing, have not before been published. So is it with the notes, the appendix, and other parts of the book, which cannot fail to be acceptable to strangers, and all others who visit the sea-shore. Original matter has been everywhere introduced. The letters relating to the Humane Society, and the places passed by the steamer Mayflower, on her way to Hingham—South-Boston, the Farm School, Fort Independence, Squantum, Quincy, &c.—are of this character.

The SECOND PART of this work, with the exception of a page or two, is all new matter. Some of the stories introduced may be familiar to a limited number of readers; the probability is, however, that they will be new to four-fifths of all who may feel disposed to read them.

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The question may be asked,—“What does the writer expect to gain by publishing a work of this kind—is it fame, or money?” Our plain and candid answer is,—We hope to make *something* by its publication; and, also, that it may be deemed worthy of the patronage of the reading and travelling community. Of fame, the writer has as much as he desires—such as it is: his ambition, in that respect, is satisfied. He has outlived almost all of his old school associates and social companions; has been successfully through many of the unpropitious and checkered scenes of life; and now, with a pretty good constitution left, his physical and mental faculties unimpaired, he commences the world anew. This is fame enough for any man of modest pretensions.

But, we must be brief. Without another word, explanatory of the object we have in view in writing and printing this work, we most respectfully throw our bantling into the arms of a generous, discriminating public, and are willing to await the result patiently. We think that, like all our other little “responsibilities,” it bears the parental impress upon its very face; and, while we invite, rather than shun, manly criticism—for that is beneficial—we pray that it may not be hastily strangled by ill-natured scribblers.

If the “Notes” now offered should prove acceptable, the writer will soon prepare others, upon subjects somewhat different. He has endeavoured to avoid all impure thoughts and sentences in the pages of this work, and can therefore confidently recommend it to youthful readers, of both sexes, as well as to their mothers and grand-mothers, as one which will not corrupt their morals, if it do not instruct their minds. Its style is simple and comprehensive. The article relating to the improvements in Hull was written three or four weeks since.

*Boston, July 10th, 1848.*



## THE SOUTH SHORE.

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### LETTER I.

*Hull—the fisheries—fat mackerel—the mackerel fishery in general, but particularly in Hull bay—lobster catching, and the lobster trade—hints to young fishermen—boat sailing, &c.*

HULL, JULY, 1845.

It has occurred to me that the readers of the *Post* would like to receive some information in relation to the state of the fisheries in this region; and, as I have a few leisure hours daily to appropriate to their gratification, they shall be accommodated. My residence in Hull three or four weeks last summer, and about as long this, enables me to speak correctly upon this subject. Now, to the work, at once.

#### *The Mackerel Fishery.*

I have learned, with much pleasure, that the fisheries in general, but the mackerel fishery especially, are in a most prosperous condition. Who is there that does not love a fat mackerel? It is a creature comfort of vast importance to every man of taste, not only in New-England, but in all sections of our country. It is to man what salt hay is to a horse. Wherever the English language is spoken, wherever a New-Englander is found—from Cape Cod to the Rocky Mountains—you will there hear the praises of fat mackerel sounded by honest and fervent lips. In the Western states,

fat mackerel take the lead of all other fish. Pickled salmon and shad are “no touch” to them, on the score of delicacy and sweetness. I make these remarks, my dear colonel, not to enlist your sympathies in favour of fat mackerel, for I know that it is in your very nature to love them, but for the purpose of introducing to your readers some interesting facts. Whoever knew a sensible, good-natured editor, to turn from a fat mackerel to pick the bones of a lean shad?

Hull is sustained almost entirely by the fisheries. Three quarters of her active population get a living in fishing-boats—either in the cod or mackerel fishery. At this moment the town is almost deserted by those who sound the deep with their hooks and sinkers, and draw from it its rich treasures, to nourish the people and sustain themselves. With two of these hardy fellows, just returned home, I have conversed, and learn that the mackerel fishery was never better than it is the present season. From Cape Ann on the one side, and from Plymouth on the other, to Boston light, the waters of our noble bay are literally swarming with mackerel;—vessels have been known to return home, after an absence of only two weeks, with from eighty to a hundred barrels—a thing entirely new.

All the people of this town are mackerel

mad, if I may so express myself, and there is cause for it. Not only do mackerel abound in Boston bay, and far beyond it, both on the North and South shores, but I understand they have found their way into every river and creek in this section of our country: they have been caught even in Boston, from the wharves. The waters of Hull bay are filled with them, and they even run up as far as Hingham, Quincy, &c. I am credibly informed that not less than two hundred barrels have been taken in the last three weeks, inside the Gnt, within a stone's throw of Tudor's salt-works. What a year for mackerel! There are some fifty boats in Hull bay every day from Boston, Hingham, Milton, Quincy, &c. the hands of which appear to have full business. A friend and myself a few mornings since caught three hundred good sized fellows in four hours. The sport was exciting—excellent. The next morning, we did quite as well. There are others who can tell as good if not a better story.\* A party of four gentlemen, from Hingham, brought in a barrel this forenoon after fishing six hours. My friend Tower, who is a skilful fisherman, and has the reputation of keeping an excellent hotel, owns four or five boats, all of which have been successfully engaged daily, in the hands of amateurs from the city, for a fortnight past. These facts, I have supposed, would be read with pleasure by all who are fond of fishing—and who is not?†

(\*NOTE—JUNE, 1848.)—This was a remarkable season for mackerel. Although the letter was written in July, and the fishery did not close until October, it may be mentioned that the value of the mackerel brought into Cape Ann alone, in 1845, was about half a million of dollars, against fifty thousand in 1844.

† Among other distinguished men who have been, or are, passionately fond of fishing, we may mention Sir Humphrey Davy, Dr. Paley, Sir Walter Scott, Benjamin West, Chantry, poets and historians almost innumerable, besides learned men of every degree and profession. We might add the names of Martin Van Buren and Daniel Webster, and many of the prominent members of the M. C. Association.

I would advise some of your young friends, who have a taste for this sport, to turn their attention to Hull bay at this time. Let them come down in the Hingham steamer, or in a pleasure-boat. A small line, a common tomcod hook, and a very light sinker, are all that a fisherman requires; bait is always at hand, for, like most of the human species, mackerel will feed upon each other. But mackerel are more considerate than some men; they will bite at a white rag, or a particle of salt pork, when they can get nothing better. I have caught many a good-sized mackerel on a hook baited only with a small piece of white cotton cloth. Generally speaking, these active fish jump at the bait without stopping to taste or smell of it before biting: it is not so with most other species of the finny tribe. Capt. James, of this place, who has been for many years engaged in the fisheries, informs me that he has often known mackerel to bite so greedily, when plenty, that they would jump a foot out of water to seize the bait. To some persons this may seem like what is occasionally called a “fish story”—very like a whale!—but no experienced fisherman will doubt its truth.

#### *The Cod Fishery.*

The cod fishery, I am happy to learn, is also in a thriving condition; but not in Boston bay, as many parties who have been “down below” can certify. I have tried three several times within the last ten days to catch a codfish for a chowder, and was unsuccessful each time. An experience of thirty years as an amateur fisherman induces me to believe that, if there had been any fish at the bottom of the sea, that part of it where I threw my hooks over, I should certainly have caught one of them.

The latter are merely suspected of being so. It is said that Lord Nelson was so fond of the sport, that he fished with his left hand a long time after he had lost his right. Mr. Webster is famous for making and eating chowders, and Mr. Van Buren for catching pike and pickerel for others to eat—a disinterested old fellow, that!

But the best of fishermen are often doomed to disappointment in this way.

*The Lobster Fishery.*

Lobsters are caught in great abundance on the shores of Hull. Thousands of them are sent up to Boston annually. The fishermen engaged in that business prepare their bait—sculpins, flounders, &c. cut in pieces—set their pots, and pull them once a day, taking from fifty to one hundred at each pull, throw them into their boats, cover them with sea-weed, then row for home, and put them into cars just inside the Gut: each fisherman has a car of his own—the lines and pots some of them own, others are furnished. Lobsters are delivered at the Point, at the rate of \$3 a \$4 50 per hundred; they are taken to Boston and Charlestown, by wholesale dealers, two or three times a week—there they are boiled, and delivered to the men who retail them in those cities. Sometimes the pedlers get *caught*, late in the evening, as our newsboys do, and have too many documents for one day; but, in pretty cool weather, they give them another souse, the next morning, in boiling water, and they come out, like re-boiled corn in New-York, “piping hot, smoking hot!”—almost as good as new. They do not imitate the practice of the late Miss Sally Smink, of the South-End, who used to wash her mother’s pudding-bag in cold water, much against the old lady’s will. A fresh lobster, eaten at Hull or Nahant, is a very different thing from one purchased in Boston. Like salmon, and most other kinds of fish, lobsters soon lose much of their original flavor.\*

*Hints to Inexperienced Fishermen.*

I have half a mind to venture a few hints to young beginners as fishermen. I allude

(\*NOTE—JUNE 30, 1848.)—Down to this period, about 100,000 lobsters have been taken this year on the shores between Long-Island and Scituate, on one side of the bay, and Deer-Island and Nahant, on the other. Messrs. Simpson, of S. Boston, and Young, of Charlestown, are the principal purchasers. The season lasts from four to five months.

to that numerous class of youthful aspirants many of whom I have often seen on fishing excursions, dressed in fine broadcloth and cassimere. Nothing can be in worse taste than this, for there is not, in my opinion, any amusement—except, perhaps, it be clam-digging—that is so indescribably dirty as bay-fishing.

Every person “going down below,” as you Bostonians term it, should put on clothing entirely worthless; or, if he have on a pair of decent dress-pantaloons, he should be careful to carry with him a pair of overalls, made of oil-cloth, India-rubber, or some other material impervious to water, to guard his pantaloons, not only while fishing, but while knocking about in the boat for any other purpose—for slime, or tar, or some other adhesive dirt, will be sure to meet him in every direction, and stick to him, too, “closer than a brother.” He who touches pitch will be defiled, as the world have been told. A trout fisherman, striving to coax some monarch of the brook to snap at his fascinating hook, would not appear more ridiculous, to a practised eye, in pumps, silk stockings, and white drilling pantaloons, than some of our genteel novices do in Boston bay, with fine clothes on, while catching cod, haddock and sculpins.

It is to be supposed, that every sensible young fisherman will take with him a short jacket or a thin sack, to use while fishing—unless the weather is so warm that he can fish in his shirt sleeves; and a coarse shirt is better than a fine one for the occasion. If his constitution is delicate, he can wear flannel next to his skin. An outside wrapper is often indispensable upon the water, as our Easterly winds sometimes cut like the knife of a Lynn shoemaker. The older his boots are the better. A light straw hat is desirable, as the sun beats down with tremendous force upon the water, in the summer months; and yet, if there is any breeze, one hardly feels the scorching influence of old Sol’s beams, so exciting are the scenes around him. A sun-burnt face, the next day, tells the story

in smarting colors ! To prevent this, in some degree, I would advise the sufferer to bathe his face well with warm milk and water, on his return home : I have often tried this remedy with success.

Now, as the *toggery* of our young fisherman is fairly pointed out, permit me to say a few words to him in relation to his fishing-gear—and these hints I desire him to remember, if he expects to enjoy the healthful, innocent, popular sport of fishing. It certainly is an innocent pleasure ; for, if it be not a sin to eat a fish on Friday, it surely cannot be so to catch one on Thursday. From the time of the flood, this maxim has been considered sound and rational ; but there is some doubt whether Noah or Adam caught the first fish.

If he is in quest of cod and haddock, let him prepare a line for himself—instead of trusting to the clumsy and imperfect lines usually provided for fishing excursions by “caterers,” as they who furnish parties with bad lines and worse fare are sometimes ludicrously called : he should be *independent*, in this respect, as the old woman was who bought a new gridiron. I have always found medium-sized lines, hooks and sinkers preferable to the heavier, clumsy articles referred to. Nine times out of ten, on any fishing-ground—from Nahant Point to the Harding’s Ledge—and at almost any state of the tide, a sinker weighing a pound and a half is sufficiently heavy, if the line be correspondingly light—especially, as the boat is usually permitted to drift with the tide. The smallest cod-line and the smallest cod-hook made, are recommended as decidedly the best. I always fish with these, and have been rarely disappointed in, or dissatisfied with, my labours, from the day I first discarded the use of large lines, heavy sinkers, and over-sized hooks, which will do very well for our market fishermen, men of experience and iron nerves, who go among the “monarchs of the deep” far off shore, and occasionally grapple with a halibut, or for the Grand Bank fishery. Care should be observed, when pulling in a fish, that your

hooks do not catch in the side of the boat—if they do, the points will probably break. In fishing for cod and haddock, and perch, the hooks should be two or three feet from the bottom ; for flounders, they should lie upon the bottom. This simple fact is of importance to young beginners.

By using a small-sized cod-hook, a fisherman will often entice a flounder, a perch, or some other small-mouthed fish, to favour his line with a bite, when cod and haddock are scarce ; and it is not difficult for them to get a taste of such a hook, as well as of the bait, while their delicately formed mouths can do nothing with the larger one. Too large a bait, clumsily put on, is about as objectionable as a mammoth-hook.

In these remarks, the writer intends merely to speak of his own experience, which has not been inconsiderable : he does not wish to *dictate* to any one, nor to be considered as speaking *ex-cathedra*. If they should prove serviceable, he will be gratified ; if unacceptable, he will not be displeased, for, upon this point, he feels remarkably independent.

Every fisherman, who is a fisherman, should be able to gange his own hooks, and be careful that they are well-ganged, as, when he has a large cod on, he has great power to pull against. A compact reel for the line is preferable to a large one. No young man who studies true happiness should go down below, (in a piscatory sense) without a supply of hooks, ganged : hooks are oftener lost upon a rocky bottom, than broken or stolen by fish. It is always well, too, if one wants to carry the “sports of the day” straight out, to take with him a line for small fish, as the boat is sometimes becalmed, and compelled to anchor, near a shore where there is excellent fishing for tomcod, flounders, eels, or perch. And here I would remark, that a strong, well-made perch hook, is the best that can be used on such occasions.

A sharp jackknife is always a good companion on the water ; and no true fisherman will fail to furnish himself with one, as well as with a small basket to carry his lines and other “fixins” in.

Thus equipped, our young friends will be considered and accepted, as genuine disciples of Izaak Walton ; and, in time, they cannot fail to do satisfactory execution among the small-fry, as well as among the monster-codfish.

I shall say no more at present, but leave every inquirer after truth to seek his own happiness at the hands of young Bradford, who keeps all kinds of fishing apparatus, at his popular depot, near the Old South church.

#### *Dangers attending Boat Sailing.*

And now, my dear colonel, for a few remarks about the dangers attending boat-sailing. I often think of the terrible accident which occurred several years ago, near Thompson's Island, by which over twenty pupils of the Farm School were drowned. This accident was doubtless caused by carelessness on the part of those who had the management of the boat—and it is not too much to say, that nine-tenths of all the accidents of the kind spring from ignorance and carelessness. A sail-boat is one of the most dangerous things in the world, in the hands of an inexperienced landsman : he had better attempt to subdue and manage a wild animal, or to break an obstinate, high-mettled colt, than to break his own neck on the water ; and yet how many rash blockheads there are, who are willing to risk not only their own lives, but those of their companions, by undertaking to sail a boat in a high wind, and who understand as little the properties of a boat, the tiller and the rudder, as they do of the power of her sails. This is a lamentable fact. There ought to be a law to restrain such fellows from having the control of boats, under any circumstances, or even of mud-scows, if they are deeply laden and carry canvass. It takes years of severe experience to learn to sail a boat well—it is not the work of a month, nor even of six months, to acquire a skilful knowledge of boat-sailing. I say nothing of the dangerous shoals and rocks, and other numerous bad places, among the islands in Boston harbour—that is a matter

of vast importance, it is true ; but I wish to speak of the danger of oversetting or swamping boats, in deep water, through ignorance, carelessness, or mismanagement, in jibing, in trimming the sails, reefing, or in steering. On a party of pleasure, for instance : the helm is very often entrusted to, or seized by, some novice, while the boatman runs forward to arrange the foresail and the jib, and to clear the halliards—the wind blowing heavy : the latter orders the helmsman to put the helm up, or hard-down, as the case may be—in two instances out of three, perhaps, his orders are not understood, or, in the hurry of the moment, are disobeyed—in short, the helm is put the wrong way ! The operation of jibing, as every nautical man well knows, is an important one, and requires activity, caution, and judgment ; nothing but experience can perfect a man in this. Then, again, there is much danger from sudden squalls, or heavy puffs of wind, while shooting out from under the lee of an island, or any other large object. The wind will sometimes strike you with remarkable force in this way, and calculation should be made to counteract its effect. I remember many accidents, some of them of a very serious character, which occurred in the manner I speak of. That which took place a short distance from Long-wharf, near the receiving-ship Ohio, a few years since, by which two young merchants were drowned ; and that to the Bunker-Hill, off Nahant, seventeen years ago, by which seven respectable citizens, married men, were drowned, arose from carelessness. Hundreds of other cases might be named—one off Deer-Island especially, by which a party of sixteen persons, from Roxbury and Dorchester, barely escaped with their lives—one man was drowned. There are some boatmen who would not hesitate to *snub* a novice, if he should dare to touch the helm in rough weather. There are salutary laws to protect the property of persons exposed to danger, through the ignorance of master mariners ; but none to protect the lives of individuals from destruction, while in charge of inexperienced helmsmen.

enced boatmen. No sail-boat should be permitted to leave the shore, with a sailing or fishing party, without she is in the hands of a careful and experienced skipper. Every parent, every wife who loves her husband, will feel the force of this remark. Many warm hearts—of fathers, mothers, wives, and children—have been made to bleed by the accidents we speak of. The subject is especially interesting at this time, as the rising generation have an almost inconquerable desire to own and sail boats, and to lose their lives in other places than the Frog-Pond, in Boston Common, without the consent of their parents. In too many instances their anxious mothers do not know they are out—and hence all the difficulty. But, “boys will be boys—all the world over;” they sometimes, however, require a curb-rein, to keep them from the company of the legitimate *bo-boys*. As Dr. Franklin, or some other philosopher used to say, “a stitch in time, saves nine.”

## LETTER II.

*The town of Hull—its inhabitants and their pursuits—wrecks and wreckers—the Massasoit—life-boats and humane houses—danger of travelling on Nantasket beach during a snow-storm—state of religion and religious feeling in Hull—ministers, lawyers and physicians—Boston Light—Long Island Head, and the upper light house—Rainsford Island.*

HULL, JULY, 1845.

I have been spending a few days in Hull, a town celebrated for its diminutive size, the small number of its population, its politics, its salt works and its fishermen, and the economical notions of its inhabitants generally; and I must confess that I have been agreeably disappointed with almost every thing that I have seen. Desirous that others may participate in that feeling, and having a few leisure hours, I thought I could not render your readers a better service than by giving some account of a place of which they have often heard, but of the good qualities of which they are, for

the most part, entirely ignorant—as I myself was until within a year or two. Many persons consider the inhabitants a race of Hottentots, or cannibals. I visited Hull two or three times some fifteen years ago, and according to the best of my recollection its appearance has not much improved since that time. It is still, however, a very interesting place. I propose to furnish you with some historical and other details relating to it.

### *The town of Hull.*

Barber's History of the Towns in Massachusetts, published in 1841, has merely a brief allusion to Hull. It says that it “was incorporated in 1644, and *was once a place of some note.*” He does not state the time when, or for what particular quality, the town was a place of note. It has rather an equivocal notoriety now. Almost every one laughs when the name of the town is mentioned; and I suppose that circumstance is attributable to the fact, that Hull is the least populous town in Massachusetts. But, with deference to others, I think this little town has many, very many good points. Its bold and enterprising inhabitants have saved the lives of hundreds of shipwrecked sailors, and that of itself is enough to immortalize the place, and give its people a fame that shall endure forever.—But they have much more of this yet to do! And I fear there are many tempest-tossed mariners who are doomed to buffet the waves, and some of them to find a watery grave in the vicinity of Point Alderton—the most *ticklish* place at low water, that I have ever cast my eyes upon.\*

(\*NOTE—JUNE, 1848.) It is stated on the authority of a sermon delivered by Rev. Dr. Vinton, that, from tables actually and carefully compiled, it is ascertained that 3-5ths of those who follow the sea die by shipwreck! This is a large, and, we should say, extravagant estimate; if correct, however, it shows a degree of mortality among seamen of which we had no previous conception. It is added, that the average of deaths, annually, among this class, is eighteen thousand; and that in one winter alone, twenty-five hundred perished by shipwreck on the coast of New England.

*Wrecks and Wreckers.*

Hull is a great place for wreckers, and for wrecks. Mr. Tower, Mr. Mitchell, and some others, whose exertions have often been witnessed amidst the tempest and the storm on Nantasket beach and its vicinity, live in Hull. The former gentleman keeps the only hotel in the place; he is visited every summer by thousands of persons—men, women and children—from Boston, Hingham, Weymouth, Quincy, Dorchester, Dedham, Roxbury, and other towns, who spend a day with him at his well regulated establishment, and then depart with feelings satisfied, and health improved. His charges are reasonable and his exertions to please untiring. He is a “prosperous gentleman,” and keeps an excellent free-and-easy temperance house. Mr. Mitchell, a foreigner by birth, from small beginnings, has become quite a land holder here, and is said to be rich. He is as queer a fish, probably, as ever swam in these waters. He owns the piece of land on which the telegraphic establishment stands, and this embraces also the old fort built during the revolutionary war. This is an object of much interest to all who visit Hull. Within this fort, there is a well about ninety feet deep—and what is remarkable the bottom of it is twenty-five feet deep above the level of the road.

It may be interesting to geologists to know, that, in digging this well, marine shells were found at the depth of seventy feet. I have this fact from old residents who lived in Hull during the revolution. This well was dug for the purpose of supplying the troops stationed there with water, as well as the crews of the vessels belonging to the squadron of Count de Grasse, which was anchored in the roads near the fort for a long time. The crews of this squadron were, I am informed by a venerable lady, in the habit of bringing their clothes on shore at Hull for the purpose of washing them; they often used to hang them on the tombstones in the burying ground to dry. It may be recollected that, in 1827, Congress contemplated building

a fort of the first class on the commanding site of which I am speaking, at an estimated cost of about seven hundred thousand dollars. If such a work had been accomplished, Hull would have held a proud eminence among her sister towns on the sea board, instead of being in almost universal ridicule.

On the beach, near Mr. Tower’s hotel, lie the wrecked hulls of two or three vessels and masts and spars innumerable.\* Some of the Hullonians are in the habit of buying wrecks, and then breaking them up—saving the iron, copper, and such other parts as are valuable, and using the wood for fuel. The wreck of the ill-fated Massasoit, and that of the brig Tremont, cast away last winter at Point Alderton, have been entirely broken up, and the materials are piled up mountain high before the house of Mr. Mitchell, who has enough of this kind of stuff to load a ship of three hundred tons. He is a wholesale dealer in wrecked vessels—in old masts, spars, rigging, iron, and brass. The wreck of the old brig Favorite lies upon the beach, as does that of the schooner Emeline, both of which vessels, heavily laden, were sunk, some three or four years since, off Nantasket beach, and afterwards raised by Mitchell and others, on shares, and towed into Hull bay. I think they must have lost money by these jobs. The hull of the Favorite, at low water, was formerly used as a shelter for horses, when the stable of Mr. Tower was full: it is now too deeply embedded in the sand for that purpose. There are numerous relics of the old ship Mohawk, which was wrecked off P. Alderton, with a valuable cargo, from Liverpool: her figure-head decorates one of Mitchell’s buildings: her round-house he uses as a counting-room, and for other purposes. I have been informed that, at one period, the inhabitants held their political and town meetings in this *accidental* fixture, but I have my doubts. At any rate, the school house, a diminutive *ten-footer*, is used for this purpose. It is also used for religious purposes,

\*NOTE—See Appendix, (A.)

it being the only "public building" of any kind in Hull, except the poor-house, which is tenantless—the town preferring to board its paupers out, at Cohasset, rather than support them luxuriantly, on clams and fried eels, at home.

At the suggestion of Capt. Sturgis and Mr. Tower, the Humane Society have recently erected a new boat house on the north side of Stony beach, near Point Alderton, in which there is an elegant, substantial, copper-fastened life-boat, of extensive dimensions. I should think it, capable of holding thirty or forty persons, besides her "gallant crew." She is calculated for eight oars. This boat was much wanted. There are now two excellent boats there, one of which is on the northeast side, besides "two humane houses," for the accommodation of shipwrecked seamen. The people of Hull are now better prepared to render assistance to wrecked vessels and their crews than they ever were before.\* I was talking with a friend last evening, in relation to the danger of travelling over Nantasket Long Beach during a violent N E. snow-storm. He related to me many "hair-breadth 'scapes," and one or two deaths, which had taken place within a few years. In one case, a young clergyman came near perishing about dusk on a sabbath evening. He had been as far as Hingham, to preach, and was returning to Hull when he was overtaken by a furious snow-storm. In a bewildered state, after riding to and fro a long time—as though kind Providence directed his course—his horse ran against one of the humane houses. He took it from the chaise, and led it into the house, where he and his faithful animal spent the night, the wind and the snow driving

(\*NOTE—JUNE 1848.) In riding over the beach a day or two since, we noticed that the "Humane Houses" were considerably out of repair. They are hardly tenantable, even for ship-wrecked sailors. The chimney of one of them has been blown down. The attention of the directors of the Humane Society is respectfully called to this subject.

furiously against their humble shelter. In the morning, he was found by some of the people of Hull, who had turned out in search of him—himself and horse both safe. At another time, a young man named Benjamin Hayden, who was employed by Mr. Tower as an hostler, while on his way home early on a Sunday evening from Cohasset, in a wagon, was overtaken by a severe storm, lost his way, was thrown into the water, and drowned. His lifeless body was recovered the next morning. The horses barely escaped. In one of these terrible storms, the surf is so high that no horse can keep near it; and, being compelled by the force of the waves to the top of the beach, the driver becomes confused, and, almost blinded by the driving sleet and snow, loses his course. The rest of the story may be imagined.

#### *Ministers in Hull.*

It is a remarkable fact that there is no settled minister in Hull; but there is an excellent Sabbath school. Occasionally, at this season of the year, some straggling preacher comes along, and is invited to supply the pulpit for a few Sundays; in the winter season preaching is more constant. Your correspondent—on account of his clerical looks, I suppose, for it could not have been on account of any rare ministerial qualities he possesses—was last year invited to preach a sermon to the little flock which gathers in the school-house every Sunday for religious worship. It is enough to say that the whole affair was a *mistake*. I repeat, that it is surprising there is no settled minister in Hull, at this enlightened era, inasmuch as it is recorded in the books that, for a period of more than one hundred years, from 1660, when the population was much smaller than it now is, there were several settled congregational ministers. But, at the time I refer to, there was but one kind of religion known amongst us, and one kind of religious teachers—the pure, unadulterated congregational; and, on that account, all could contribute cheerfully to the general fund for the support of some good, pious minis-

ter. Now, almost every citizen of Hull has a religion of his own ; there is a slight sprinkling of Mormons and Latter Day Saints among the inhabitants, as well as Universalists, Baptists, Calvinists, Methodists, Unitarians, Catholics, and Sculpini-ans, (a sect who worship the head of a dried sculpin.) To this simple circumstance, undoubtedly, may be attributed the fact that there is no settled minister in Hull at this time and not to any parsimonious feeling the inhabitants, as a body, possess—so far as the salvation of their souls is concerned. Besides, the income from their parsonage lands amounts to almost enough to give a minister a decent support. And yet I have heard that the last settled minister of Hull was fairly starved out, and that, though originally a corpulent man, he left the town in a very lean condition. The following anecdote is related of him :—

One day, he accidentally heard there was a dead horse on Nantasket beach. With the rapidity of lightning he sped to the house of a neighbor and borrowed his mare, with the intention of proceeding to the beach to skin the dead animal, he knowing the value of a good horse-hide, well-cured. What was his surprise, on reaching the spot, to find that the skin had been already taken away by one of his parishioners ! In surveying the carcase of the animal, however, with a heavy heart, his eyes wandered to its hoofs, on which he discovered a regular set of shoes. Taking out his jackknife, he soon secured these, and, hastening home with them, sold them to Deacon Bubble for twenty-five cents. This shows he must have been a very poor man, and a very hungry one ; but, at the same time, a man of remarkable perseverance.

That there is no settled minister in the town of Hull, is a fault ; it is a blemish on her otherwise fair character. It is creeping backward, instead of going ahead. Indeed, it is a monstrous degeneration from the days of our pious ancestors ; but I think I have fairly stated the cause of this defect.

It is creditable to the inhabitants of Hull that they can get along without the services of a lawyer—in a small town always a great nuisance, but, in a large, open, bustling, populous field, of some importance, when he is actuated by high-minded, honorable principles. Not only has the town no lawyer, but no physician lives within its borders. This is a “grievous fault,” especially when it is considered that that excellent injunction of the scriptures, “increase and multiply,” is observed, very generally, by both sexes in Hull, who make a kind of religion of it. A capable young physician, who would be willing to spend a portion of his time in fishing for a livelihood, might find a pretty good opening at Hull, for the inhabitants are now entirely indebted to Hingham for medical aid, when any of them are dangerously sick.

#### *The Light Houses.*

The Boston Light is now kept by a gentleman from Cohasset, named Cook. The light is a revolving one, and is eighty-two feet above the level of the sea—a flight of stone steps leads to the top of it, and this is always accessible to strangers visiting the island, which is easily approached by sail-boats, on the S W. side, where parties will find two excellent wharves, a convenient landing, and a cordial reception. And why ? Uncle Sam pays for it all.—The late keeper of the island, Mr. Tower, died last summer, after a few days illness, having just previously lost a daughter, who also died suddenly. One would suppose that Light-House island was about the healthiest spot in the world ; but disease and death often creep into places where they are least expected.

There was recently a “Spanish” cigar factory on the island—the operatives were young girls from Boston—it is now broken up. What a joke, this !

Nothing can look more brilliant, beautiful, or neighbourly, than the light does on a dark night, from the telegraphic station : it appears to be “just across the way,” although the distance is about a mile and a half.

The inner Light, on Long-Island Head, is kept by Capt. Charles Beck, who has discharged the duties of his office with fidelity for many years. The rains, the frost and the sea have made, and are making, sad havoc with the bluff on this island, which is fast washing away ; and, notwithstanding this property, in part, belongs to the general government, no movement is making in congress to provide for the building of a sea-wall there. If the government will do nothing for any one else, it ought surely to guard its own property, or the property of the sovereign people, from destruction.

When it is ascertained, at this island, that any pilot-boat in the Bay has manned out all her pilots, a black-ball is hoisted to give the pilot-station in Boston notice of the fact. The boat conveys the information to Capt. Beck, by hoisting a blue-and white ball.

*Rainsford Island.*

According to my taste, however, the most beautiful spot in Boston harbour is Rainsford-Island, belonging to the city. Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, as I have understood, it was quite a mud-hole ; but, having undergone a complete renovation and improvement, under the direction of Dr. J. V. C. Smith, since that time, it now looks like a richly cultivated garden and farm. The doctor is a gentleman of acknowledged taste, and, as you know, has filled the office of port-physician for a long time. The keepers of Rainsford-Island have been numerous, and, as far as I recollect, run thus, viz. :—Thomas Spear, Henry Spear, (his son) Moses L. Hobart, John Oliver, John Minot, George Tewksbury, and Jonathan Bruce, the present keeper. Several persons lie buried there—some of them, in their day and generation, were men of consequence. Since the old quarantine law, and the law regulating the removal of small-pox patients from the city, were abolished, Dr. Smith has had very little professional business at the island. The city authorities, however, make considerable havoc there among clam and

fish-chowders, and other creature comforts, several times every year,—to say nothing of the oceans of punch and champagne drank by them and their favoured guests,—a custom which has been handed down from the palmy days of the accomplished Gov. Hancock ; but it will eventually have to yield to the pressure and influence of what is called the “temperance reform.” Deacon Grant will not suffer such things to exist many years longer, depend upon it. This is to be regretted, as, by doing this, our municipal fathers innocently imagine that they are conferring an unspeakable benefit on their constituents, and, at the same time, lining their aldermanic stomachs with the “best the market affords.” Hush!—go to sleep.\*

(\*NOTE—JUNE, 1848.)—We spent a few hours on this lovely spot a week ago. It looked as natural and blooming as it did three years ago—perhaps a few shades more beautiful. Mr. B. was preparing to receive company for the summer, and had already made arrangements for their reception. A few days afterward, however, his wife was severely attacked with the pleurisy fever, and had to send to Hingham for a physician ; while Mr. Bruce himself was visited by his old enemy, the rheumatism. This domestic trouble defeated all his plans, and induced him to abandon the idea of taking boarders the present season. Last year his house was thronged with the beauty and fashion of the city.

*The Cutter Hamilton.*

Captain Sturgis's cutter Hamilton was in the roads, at anchor. She had recently been painted, inside and out, and looked as comely and inviting as a city belle with a delicate touch of *rouge*. The cutter is a janty craft, for the service she is in, and has as fine a set of officers, and as clever a crew, as ever doubled Cape Cod. The short extract which follows speaks volumes Captain Sturgis had gone to the city, to dine with the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and to make a speech in commendation of the successes of our gallant army in Mexico. He always has to speak on such occasions. The Boston Post, of the 13th of this month, speaking of the progress of the cutter boys, says :—“The present calling of eighteen of the young men who have served on board of the revenue-cutter Hamilton, under Capt. Sturgis, since 1840, are as follows : five

## LETTER III.

*The ministers of Hull from its first settlement—protection to fishermen by the colonial legislative assembly—names of some of the early settlers—condition of the town during the revolutionary war—destruction of the meeting-house by the September gale of 1815—state of political parties—the richest widow in Hull—Steamer Britannia passing up light-house channel at day break—wreck of a French 74—military spirit in Hull—origin of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.*

HULL, JULY, 1845.

In looking over a long account of the early settlement of Nantasket, or Hull, in the Hingham Gazette of October 15, 1830, from the pen of Solomon Lincoln, Esq.—a gentleman celebrated for his antiquarian researches—and some other works on the subject, I find that a church was formed

captains of merchantmen, four chief mates, two second mates, one warranted sailmaker in the navy, one temperance hotel keeper, one large eating-house keeper, one superintendent of a factory, one instructor of a normal school, one on the U. S. coast survey, and one lieutenant in the regular army."

*New Quarantine.*

About two years ago, on account of the prevalence of the ship fever, the quarantine and hospital were removed from Rainsford Island to Deer Island, and the city authorities let the former to Capt. Bruce, for a trifling consideration, as a place of public entertainment. The captain has the reputation of having done pretty well there for two years past. We copy from the Evening Traveller the annexed remarks relating to the new establishment:—"The committee of the Aldermen and Common Council on the Hospital at Deer Island, paid a visit to that place on Wednesday, it being the anniversary of the Hospital there. They found the different wards in good order, the ventilation of the apartments all that could be desired, and the patients in general doing well. Dr. Moriarty, the efficient superintendent and physician, devotes himself to the duties of his station with much assiduity, and much to the satisfaction of his numerous patients." The Traveller might have added—"some of whom live and some of whom die!"

here as early as July, 1644. About the same time, according to Winthrop, "Natascoit," (the name by which it then went) "being formally made a town, and having twenty houses and a minister, was, by the general court, named Hull,"—in honor, as is supposed, of one Joseph Hull, of Hingham. Marmaduke Matthews is said to have been the name of this minister. He was afterwards called to the church at Malden. It should be remarked, that, according to the best historians, Hull was settled as early as 1624-'25, by a seditious or disaffected company from Plymouth, who came over in the Mayflower, and left their associates in a passion.

*Ministers of Hull.*

Rev. Zechariah Whitman, a graduate of Harvard University, was the first regularly ordained minister at Hull, in 1670. His salary was forty pounds. He officiated until near the time of his death, which took place in 1726—a period of 56 years. He appears to have secured the affections of his people, for the town voted, after his decease, to pay his children for his maintenance "while he lived and did not preach."

In November, 1725, about a year previous to the death of Mr. Whitman, who had been a long time sick, Rev. Ezra Carpenter was ordained in the ministry at Hull, and *fifteen pounds* were appropriated to defray the expenses of the ordination. This is probably almost as great an amount of money as has been paid for preaching at Hull, during the last two years. Mr. Carpenter continued to watch over the souls of his congregation until 1746, from which time until the year 1753, a period of seven years, the town does not appear to have had any settled minister, although invitations were extended to Mr. Elisha Eaton, Mr. Samuel Hill, and others, graduates of Harvard, to settle there. Mr. Carpenter removed to New-Hampshire, where he preached—at Swansey and Keene, on alternate Sundays—and, after many years of hard labor in the cause of religion, he calmly resigned his life to the

hands of God who gave it, in the full faith of a blessed immortality. He has left many descendants. In January, 1753 Rev. Samuel Veazie, of Duxbury, accepted an invitation to settle at Hull, and he was ordained in April of that year. Twelve years afterwards, 1765, difficulties arose respecting his salary, and he was obliged to sue the town for it. The matter was compromised, and in 1677 he was dismissed by an ecclesiastical council. Rev. Solomon Prentice succeeded him, and was employed until the fall of 1772. In 1773, Rev. Elkanah Winchester was invited to preach for a few months. It is supposed that no regularly ordained minister was supported by the town after Mr. Veazie was discharged, as the inhabitants had, at that early day, began to entertain different religious opinions; in addition to which, they suffered much by the war of the revolution.

All the ministers who were settled at Hull, from 1670, to 1773, a period of over one hundred years, were graduates of Harvard University.

In 1774, the town authorised the selectmen "to provide a preacher for the term of six months, with the qualification, that none of the Baptist persuasion be debarred the pulpit because of his being of that denomination, but on the other hand rather to be preferred on that very account." At the same meeting, an arrangement was made to accommodate such of the inhabitants as were favorable to a congregational preacher only.

#### *Dreadful Hurricanes.*

In 1734, the inhabitants erected a meeting house in the "middle of the village, near a piece of water"—a small pond. This "piece of water" is in its pristine beauty, and daily visited by dogs, horses, and cows, for the purpose of bathing and drinking; but the meeting house was blown down in the great gale of September 1815—a gale almost unprecedented for its violence in the annals of New England. I shall never forget that gale, nor its generally disastrous effects, in Boston harbor

and along our whole coast. The account of its destructive course in Providence river, and elsewhere, when we read of it at this distant day, appears more like romance than reality. That gale was indeed terrible. The hurricanes which took place in December 1839, have also been spoken of as being among the most severe that ever occurred on this coast.

The meeting house was not rebuilt at Hull; and the only place of worship in the village, at present, is a small eighteen foot building, standing on the margin of the aforesaid "piece of water," and nearly opposite the site of the old one. There is, also, a small building at the S. end of the beach, near Worrick's, which is sometimes used for religious worship, by a small congregation of Methodists.

#### *Protection to Fishermen.*

As early as the 26th of May, 1647, the General Court passed a law for the encouragement and protection of fishermen in the town of Hull—so that, in the words of the order, "such fishermen as are already there, and others which shall come thither, may have all such reasonable privileges and encouragement as the place will afford." To this very day, the spirit and letter of this order are preserved. Every facility is given to fishermen who visit Hull, whether they are mere amateurs from the city, who come to spend a day, or men who follow the business of fishing for a livelihood.

#### *Hull in Ancient Times.*

"Among the early settlers in Hull, who received grants of land from the General Court previous to 1640," (says Mr. Lincoln in his elaborate account) "were Messrs. Stone, Jones, Benson, Chamberlyn, Bosworth, Stubbes, Baker, Collier, Loring, Chaffee, Bunne, (supposed Binney) Ward, Prince, and Vickere. The names of Phippenny, Goold, Binney, Soper, Nightingale, Street, Green, Lobdell, Bartlett, Rider, Dilley, (Dill) Dixon, Whitman, Snow and Milton afterwards appear in the records, and most of them before the year 1700. All these names are now extinct in Nan-

tasket, excepting those of Jones, Binney, Loring, Gould and Dill."

The oldest man in Hull is Mr. Samuel Reed.\* He tells me he is eighty years of age. He is a smart man, and works in the fields daily. The oldest woman is Mrs. Dill, who is rising eighty.

A public school is supported by the town six months of every year, the teacher generally being a female, of moderate intellectual capacity and of modest pretensions—and she receives a small salary. She has forty scholars, embracing the flower of the youth of the town—the sons and daughters of hardy fishermen.

*Decline of Hull.*

Hull suffered much during the revolutionary war, at the commencement of which there were as many as twenty fishing vessels owned there. The inhabitants were then engaged chiefly in ship-building and the fisheries; but they were patriotic, approved of the war, and gave it a zealous support: some of them served in the continental army. Their means of living

*A Smart Old Man.*

(\*NOTE—JUNE, 1848.) We saw this old man planting potatoes a few days ago, and had some agreeable conversation with him. He was bright as a new dollar. Having heard that Hull had changed her political character, we said to him—"friend Reed, I suppose you voted the whig ticket at the last election?" He looked up for about a minute, and then commenced planting again. We repeated the question, as well as the old maxim—"as goes Hull, so goes the state." He again looked up, and, after a short pause, replied—"I am dreadfully hard of hearing: most men are so at my age!" This was a capital answer to our question, and it made us laugh heartily, for, at our previous conversations, in 1845, he was decidedly democratic—and even at this interview, he understood, quickly and distinctly, every question we put to him except the one named. We shall always respect the old man for his shrewdness. It is related of him that, during the revolutionary war, he made powder for the American army: in drying a quantity of it one day by his kitchen fire a spark flew into it, and blew the house up, frightening the manufacturer most awfully. He then lived in Weymouth.

having been entirely broken up by the war, their trade and commerce prostrated, they were compelled, in 1776-77, to petition the General Court for assistance. Their distress and suffering, at this time, must have been great. The decline of the town commenced about 1775, at which time there were fifty houses in Hull: now, there are about half that number. There are ten or twelve schooners owned here, besides several pink-stern boats, and they are employed in the lumbering, lightering and fishing business.

Thomas Jones, Esq. represented the town in the convention which approved the Constitution of the United States, in 1788. He died a year or two since, leaving a property estimated at over one hundred thousand dollars. He left a widow and two daughters, who are now single.

The steamer Britannia, from Liverpool, passed up Light House channel this morning, at 5 o'clock, and made a beautiful appearance from the fort. As she was passing through the Narrows an old man remarked to me—"there, she is now opposite the wreck of the French 74, which was cast away and sunk during the revolutionary war. I remember it well." The place where this ship was wrecked is now called 74-bar.\*

I find that there is something of a military spirit in Hull. Some of its early settlers were among the original founders of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

(\*NOTE—JUNE, 1848.) A few weeks since Capt. Solomon Dill and his crew, while at anchor in Hull Bay, off Pettick's Island, grappled an anchor of immense size, and, after several ineffectual attempts, finally succeeded in raising it. It weighed about 8000 pounds—the shank was nineteen feet long, and the ring about eighteen in diameter. It was carried to Boston and sold to Mr. Alger for 150 dollars. This belonged to a French 74, which was at anchor in Hull bay in the revolutionary war. Mrs. Reed, one of the oldest ladies in Hull, remembers the fact distinctly, and states that she went on board the ship several times, by invitation of the commodore. She was then in her prime.

## LETTER IV.

*The town of Hull, again—its situation, fields, vegetation, fruit trees, roads, population, and its public school—employment of its females, and the severe treatment they receive from two or three contractors connected with large tailoring establishments—the cause of temperance—anecdote of Mr. Mitchell, the suspected smuggler, and John Minot, the vigilant ex-custom house officer—sketch of Mitchell's life—one of Father Bates's temperance anecdotes.*

HULL, JULY, 1845.

THE location of the village of Hull is a highly favorable one for the purposes of agriculture. The houses and gardens all lie between two prominent hills, of great length, running from S. to W.; they are consequently shielded from the searching N. and NE winds. These hills are composed of rich pasture lands, of well cultivated and productive fields, fruit trees, &c. The soil is said to be equal to any in New England. This is probably true, as every thing appears to have a rank and vigorous growth. There is a large number of winter pear trees in full bearing, some of which are one hundred and fifty years old: the last year's crop of this fruit brought 300 dollars. Next to fishing, the chief employment of the inhabitants is agriculture. The hills are covered with flocks of sheep, and the pastures give sustenance and comfort to numerous cows, horses and oxen. Hull will often remind one of a thriving agricultural town in the interior. I would here remark, that the residents sell their barn manure to farmers in Dorchester and Roxbury, and spread upon their own lands kelp and rockweed, which are found in abundance all along the shore. The temperature of the weather at Hull is, generally, several degrees colder than that at Boston, except in the winter, when it is comparatively milder. The roads are good and the water excellent.

*Population of Hull.*

The population of Hull in 1810 was 132; in 1820, 172; 1830, 198; 1840, 230; at

this time it is supposed to be about 270. These statistics show that there has been a gradual increase in the population since the commencement of the present century; but the number of inhabitants now is probably not more than it was in 1775, when there were fifty houses in Hull, each house doubtless containing five or six souls. The town has the honor of having given birth—or, to speak more correctly, one of its women claimed that honor—to one graduate of Harvard University—the Rev. Israel Loring, who died in 1772, at Sudbury, (where he was settled 66 years) at the advanced age of 90.

*Employment of Females.*

The females of Hull are mostly employed in sewing. Having no Broadway or Washington-street, no Battery or Common to walk in, they seldom make their appearance in public. They are expert with the needle, and take in slop-work. Some of them have informed me that the work they do all goes to Boston. There are three men in Hingham, they say, who contract to do a large portion of the work of several extensive establishments in that city, at certain prices for cash. These men distribute the work among the poor females of Hingham, Hull and Cohasset, and pay in goods!—for making drawers 6 cents, overalls 8, shirts 8, thin pantaloons 10, thick woollen ditto 20, 25, and sometimes 30—the contractors, who are doubtless well paid by their Boston employers, always making the prices. This is enough to make the blood of an honest, humane fellow run cold. In the language of the great poet of nature—Are there not some hidden curses in the stores of Heaven, red with uncommon wrath, to blast these men, who owe their greatness to the unpaid labor, the mental and bodily suffering, of destitute, dependent females?

*Temperance in Hull.*

The temperance cause was early agitated in Hull, from which fact I infer that some of the first settlers, their children, or their grandchildren, were addicted to sип-

ping "bimbo" and other strong drinks from tin cups. In 1721, one hundred and twenty-five years ago, the town voted that no tavern or public house should be kept within its limits. And from that day to this, intoxicating drinks have rarely been sold in the town of Hull. At the other end of the beach, perhaps, a different story might have been told when you and I were young—"long time ago." When the fishermen of Hull, or any of its inhabitants or transient visitors, want a "drop of comfort," they have to go or send to Boston for it. New England rum is the favorite beverage of most of the consumers, who take it in the pure, natural state, as many of our farmers in the interior do while making hay.\*

(\*NOTE—JUNE, 1848.)—The cause of temperance has made considerable progress at Hull within a few years. Formerly, many fishing vessels that were fitted out, carried a generous stock of pure New England among their small stores: now, the fishermen go to sea without any exciting beverage, except occasionally a little in their medicine chests. This is the most approved method of doing it; and it is excusable—as others, standing in more elevated positions in society, do the same thing. At a temperance gathering a short time since several persons signed the pledge, after a very agreeable anecdote from Father Bates. It ran thus. There was a man in Hingham by the name of S—, who had successfully followed fishing for almost half a century. He was generally a pretty temperate man, but would now and then descend from the dignity of a true fisherman to wallow in the mire of drunkenness. One afternoon, returning home full of liquor, he fell into a frog-pond, where the water was about a foot and a half deep. Unable to extricate himself from this disagreeable fix, and swallowing dirty water freely, he bellowed most piteously. Two of his neighbours went to his assistance, and, with some difficulty, rescued him from a watery grave. When found, he had almost "given up the ghost," and was muttering to himself—"This is too bad—*by a jug-full!*" (Hic!) "Forty years to the Grand Bank, and to be drowned in such an infernal hole as this at last. Oh!" He was about to turn over and die, when his neighbours seized him by the throat. Mr. S. thinking he was in

*Anecdote of Mitchell.*

In a previous letter I spoke of Mr. Mitchell, the wrecker, who has sometimes been considered a little crafty, and has therefore been watched pretty closely by the officers of the customs in Boston. I have a chat with him very often. He is somewhat unpopular in Hull, and is duly sensible of the fact. It is sometimes jokingly said, that "he never exposes himself to the night air!" But, with all his alleged faults, I consider him one of the most enterprising men in this town. He is a stanch Whig. A few days since he related to me the following rich anecdote. Minot, the inspector, (said he) was always dogging me, and always suspected me of smuggling. One day I thought I would be up with him; so I went to the beach and filled four coffee bags with gravel and sand, and off I started for Boston. Arriving off the end of Long-wharf, who should I see, the first man, but Minot. "Ah, ha, Mitchell!" he exclaimed, "I have got you now." Well, I moved on, tied my boat to the wharf, and began to make a fuss about the matter. This sharpened Minot's appetite, and he would not listen to a word I had to say, but ordered a couple of lumpers to take the bags ashore. I said nothing more; but, by and by, Minot cut open one of the bags, and, to his surprise, discovered nothing but sand and gravel fresh from the beach at Hull. I cut and run, instanter. Mitchell tells this story with a good deal of gusto. It is a capital joke, and all who are acquainted with the zeal and fidelity of our friend Minot will relish it much.

☞ A brief notice of the life of Mitchell, intended to follow this anecdote, will be found in the Appendix. On some future occasion the writer will endeavor to do that gentleman justice.

the hands of the devil, showed fight, but he was soon undeceived. A useful moral lesson may be drawn from this little story. The turn Father Bates gave it, after throwing away a generous quid of tobacco, was, to touch not, taste not the poisonous liquid, but go the whole figure on total abstinence, and stick to that as the only safety.

## LETTER V.

*The Massachusetts Humane Society, and its importance to the human race.*

HULL, AUGUST, 1845.

A BRIEF account of this excellent society, which I referred to in my last letter, would not probably be uninteresting to your readers. A pamphlet of one hundred octavo pages, on this subject, has been recently published. I have examined it with some attention, and, I will add, with much gratification.

It appears that the society was instituted in 1786, in imitation of two kindred societies,—one existing in England, the other in Holland,—and the object of its founders was to give encouragement to those who succeeded in “restoring life to persons apparently dead.” Gov. James Bowdoin was its first president. For a long series of years, the most respectable and influential men in the state were enrolled among its members. In 1810, it had over six hundred: at the present time the number is very small, and there is not, in my humble opinion, that interest taken in its welfare which, on account of its usefulness, it so eminently deserves.

In looking over a list of the benefactors of the society, I do not find that a single donation has been made to its funds since 1831, when the venerable Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester, the father of New England printers, gave it 300 dollars. The last previous donation, 5000 dollars, was a legacy from Mr. A. Trouro—a Jew, I believe; but whether Jew or not, it was a *Christian* act. And whether its funds are ample or not, for all its benevolent purposes, is not stated. Since the organization of the society, “many hundreds” of premiums have been dispensed; this fact alone speaks volumes in favor of its importance—because it follows, that many hundreds of human lives have been saved.

The annexed extract will show what the people of old Massachusetts thought of the Humane Society half a century ago. The reminiscence is interesting:—

“ The most distinguished professional gentlemen, lay as well as clerical, were selected for its orators; liberal contributions to its funds showed the sense entertained of the importance of its design; while its anniversaries, in the pleasant month of June, which the Executive, with the legislature of the state, then in session, repeatedly adjourned to attend, were honored by crowded assemblies, and attended by somewhat of the ‘pomp and circumstance’ belonging to those days, but which, with familiarity and changes in the habits of society, have now passed away.”

Among the earliest duties of the society was one to establish Humane Houses, or huts for the shelter of shipwrecked mariners; but these, then—as at the present day—were often plundered, disfigured, or had their materials destroyed. This might be termed double-distilled rascality. The society has now several of these houses, and about twenty life-boats, in different exposed and dangerous situations on the South and North shores. One of the boats at Hull has been the means of saving forty or fifty lives, from seven different vessels. The society has recently presented Moses B. Tower, of this place, with a gold medal, for his exertions in saving the crew of the brig Tremont. It may be added, in this connection, that the Humane Society was mainly instrumental in establishing the Boston Infirmary, the Lying-in Hospital, and the Asylum for the Insane.

The list of premiums in the pamphlet before me occupies thirty pages; and those published comprise, it is stated, only about one quarter part of the whole number awarded. I perceive that Mr. Lawrence Nichols, of Boston, received a gold medal for extraordinary exertions in saving the lives of two men, near Boston Light, in 1815. Mr. William Tewksbury, of Deer Island, has been several times rewarded, for very extraordinary exertions in saving the lives of his fellow men. His wife and some of his sons have also received premiums for their successful labors in the good cause. In 1817, Lieut. Salter, Midshipmen Howell and Dodds, and Boatswain McCloud, of the U. S. ship Independence, received medals for saving the lives of two

women and one man in Boston harbor, under remarkable circumstances. In 1818, Mr. Wyman, of Utica, N. Y. was presented with a medal, for saving the life of our friend J. P. Bigelow, while in imminent danger of drowning in the Middlesex canal. In 1820, the society gave Mr. Edmund R. Smith and others forty-five dollars for saving seven men from drowning at S. Boston. In 1822, Capt. Nickerson, of Dennis, was presented with twenty-five dollars, for saving the lives of Mr. Samuel Topliff and Solomon G. Low—the former of the news room, the latter printer of the Daily Advertiser. In 1824, Mr. Thomas Ward was presented with twenty dollars, for great judgment and presence of mind in saving eleven men upset in Boston harbor. Mr. Abraham Rich was presented with a gold medal, in 1837, for saving a man and three women, who were clinging to a boat upset near Deer Island.

These instances are merely taken at random from a thousand others of a similar character. Indeed, I am surprised at the extent of the business that has been done in saving human life, on the New England coast, within the last fifty years, as every one must be who reads the History of the Humane Society of Massachusetts.\*

I cannot close this notice without stating that Mr. James Beers, in 1832, received a certificate of thanks, and a present of one hundred dollars, for his "singular skill, courage and benevolence, by which, with the blessing of Divine Providence, fifteen persons were rescued from imminent danger, in a night of extreme severity, and when their condition seemed hopeless."

\* The following is the title page of a little pamphlet published in Boston, in 1840:—"Awful calamities, or the shipwrecks of December, 1839; being a full account of the dreadful hurricanes of December 15, 21 and 27, on the coast of Massachusetts, in which were lost more than 90 vessels, and nearly 200 dismasted, driven ashore, or otherwise damaged, and more than 150 lives destroyed."

Speaking of mackerel, the Gloucester Telegraph, a few days since, stated that the mackerel fishery of New England has not for many years been so poor as the present year. We are sorry to hear it.

## LETTER VI.

*Disastrous effects of the sea upon the islands in Boston harbor—the Great Brewster, Point Alderton, Long Island Head—an appeal to Congress in favor of sea-walls—the hills and islands in and about Hull Bay—boat sailing—prospect from the old fort at Hull—pleasure parties—Ware River—the berry region in Hingham and Cohasset—terrible shipwreck of an Eastern packet schooner, with all her passengers, on Lovell's Island, some twenty-five years ago—Gallop's Island.*

HULL, AUGUST, 1845.

It is painful for a Bostonian to stand on the old fort, or on the brow of Point Alderton—the views from which are very commanding—and to see the manner in which the islands in our beautiful harbor are crumbling into pieces, and obstructing navigation, by filling up the main channels to the ocean. The want of substantial sea-walls is almost everywhere observable, and, if something be not speedily done, it will not be many years before every vestige of several of the islands is swept away by the constant and often terrible washing of the sea.

Why is it that Congress does not do something to protect a harbor into whose bosom are annually poured millions and tens of millions of the riches of every clime, giving strength and dignity to the general government, and wealth and honor to the whole people? I am surprised at their delay; and I cannot but think that, if the subject were properly enforced upon the mind of every western and every southern member of Congress, by an agent competent to the task—by one having a correct knowledge of the matter, and who could explain it so that it could be understood; by one acquainted with all the localities, and all the islands requiring immediate attention; I cannot believe, I say, but something liberal would be done, and that promptly, too, to put a check to the disastrous inroads of the sea upon the exposed islands in Boston harbor.

The subject is one richly deserving the action, not only of the chamber of com-

merce, but of the whole body of merchants and ship owners and underwriters in the city of Boston.

I believe the harbor bill, injudiciously vetoed by President Tyler, contained an appropriation of \$40,000 or \$50,000 for the purpose of building a sea-wall at Point Alderton. From President Polk I confidently expect a more just and liberal policy. He surely cannot doubt, that a revenue collecting district which holds the second rank in this mighty nation is entitled to have its islands protected from total annihilation, when the expenditure of one or two hundred thousand dollars, a mere tythe of what she annually pours into the national treasury for the support of the interests of our common country, will accomplish the object.

*Hull Bay and its vicinity.*

In Hull bay there are several islands, on which are produced yearly many tons of excellent hay, besides large quantities of corn, oats, barley and rye; and the hills on the main land are also productive. These prominent and beautiful eminences, when our pilgrim fathers landed on these shores, and the Indian trod the soil in the majesty of his nature and his strength, with none to molest or make him afraid, were crowned with vigorous oaks. Now, we see no sign of the Indian or the oak; both have long since been swept away, by the march of civilization and the hand of modern improvement, and in the places they once occupied we see the tall grass waving in luxuriance and the corn ripening in the sun.

"Of the eminences in Nantasket," (remarks Mr. Lincoln) "Strawberry Hill takes its name from the abundance of the delicious berry of that name formerly found there. Sagamore Hill was probably the residence of some Indian sachem. Point Alderton was named for Isaac Alderton, the first assistant of Plymouth. Skull Head was so named, tradition says, in commemoration of a great Indian battle fought between the natives of the north and south shores; the bones of the killed were to be seen there at the settlement of the country."

The sea has made tremendous inroads

upon Skull Head, several acres of which have been washed away within the last thirty years. The gravel has disappeared, but there are hundreds of large stones and rocks on the beach—"the remains of beauty once admired"—to remind the inquisitive passer-by that such things once were, and were probably most dear to the hearts of the Indians and the early settlers of this country.

Hull bay is one of the most favorable sheets of water for boat-sailing that I have ever seen. Surrounded as it is by hills and islands, you are well protected, even in the roughest of weather. I have never seen the wind too high, nor the waves too heavy, for comfort, in the summer season, except when a thunder storm prevailed. There is a striking contrast between the smoothness of the water in this bay and the roughness of that outside: but it is easily accounted for.

*Ware River.*

Numerous parties of gentlemen are in the habit of visiting these waters in the summer months, from Boston and the towns in its vicinity, for the purpose of spending a week in fishing, clamping, gunning, etc. They bring with them their own provisions, cooking utensils, bimbo, (the Indian name for strong drink) and ginger pop—pitch their tents on the grass near the shore, and apparently enjoy solid comfort. Ware river is a place of very general resort for such parties; and I can conceive of no recreation more delightful, none more innocent, economical and healthful, than that which they enjoy. After exposure to the sun, on the water or on the beach, they repair to their tents, or seek the shade of some comfortable tree, and there they will joke, relate anecdotes, laugh, and enjoy the simple food they have brought with them from their respective homes—with the addition, perhaps, of some well cooked tomcod, perch, clams and chowder.\* What could be more rational?

\* Speaking of sickness produced by eating clams, Deacon Doleful of Hull thinks that those on the North shore are affected with the ship fever. The idea is original.

A sail up Ware river is an excursion worth enjoying. I have noticed from my window, with the aid of my mast-head spy-glass, as the late Marshal Prince used to say when speaking of the sea-serpent,—which, by the by, is daily expected at Hull to regulate the eel fishery,—that some of the crack yachts of the city visit that river daily with large parties. The land in the vicinity is covered with berry bushes, in full bearing, to an extent of many hundreds of acres. There is good picking there, depend upon it.\* The Hingham steamer takes up to Boston every summer thousands of bushels of the product of this great berry region, as it is called. The berries are picked by children, who barter them for family stores, and get but little for them. This is another way in which the people on the South shore contrive to live.

*Dreadful Shipwreck.*

A story is told in these parts of a distressing shipwreck which took place on Lovell's island some twenty-five years ago, the thermometer at the time below zero. A packet schooner from Maine for Boston, struck on Ram's Head at midnight. Her passengers, fifteen in number, were safely landed on Lovell's island, and they sought shelter from a piercing north wind behind a rock six or eight feet high, with the location of which every one who has been on the island must be acquainted. The next morning, Mr. Thomas Spear, of George's island, discovered the bodies, all huddled

together, and when he went over to the island, there was not the least sign of life in any one of them—they were all frozen to death. The most romantic part of the story is to be told. Two of the passengers, a young gentleman and lady, were clasped in each other's arms. They were about to be married; and were on their way to Boston to purchase furniture for house-keeping.

Gallop's, or Newcomb's island, is near the place I have spoken of—the entrance of the Narrows. It is a beautiful spot in the summer season, and one which might be advantageously improved as a place of public resort. I have understood that an agent of the general government has offered the owner of this island \$10,000 for it—his price is \$12,000. The ballast sold every year amounts to about \$300, and there are probably a hundred tons of the island washed away annually to fill up the channels in the neighborhood. Mrs. Newcomb often has boarders at her house during the summer, and it is said to be an excellent retreat for invalids afflicted with mental or physical infirmities. An extensive hotel there would pay well. The trees are numerous, of vigorous growth, and vegetation thrives well. The old lady is glad to see her friends, at all times; and she takes much delight in accommodating them.

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LETTER VII.

*Public and private houses in Nantasket, their situation and conveniences—reflections touching the enjoyment of life and the sea breeze, on the seashore—mosquitoes—disagreeable lodgings and poor fare, at some of the boarding-houses—the fishing philosopher at Cohasset—poetry—Mr. Webster's country seat, and chowders, at Marshfield—prop shaking near Worrick's twenty years ago, on Sunday, and the remarkable discovery of the party—telegraphic establishment at Hull, and that at Boston—Mr. Pope and Capt. Brown—the channels in Boston harbor—Dearborn's Chart of the islands and bay.*

HULL, AUGUST, 1845.

THE public and private houses at Nantasket, and all along shore, are overrun with

(\* NOTE—JULY, 1848.) We remember that one of the pleasantest days we ever passed was among the berry bushes in this region, three or four years ago, in the month of August. Taking with us our "better-half," and five little "responsibilities," together with a basket of refreshments, we left Boston in the Hingham steamer in the morning, and in an hour and a half afterwards our whole party were engaged in picking berries. In an hour or two each young laborer brought in his contribution to the general stock, and we found that they had gathered over a peck of fine blackberries, and about half a bushel of whortleberries—more than enough to furnish us with "high feed" until the afternoon, when we returned home, having enjoyed a rational, economical, agreeable *family pic-nic*. We advise others to do the same thing, at least once every summer. We found one or two springs of pure water in the berry region.

company, chiefly from Boston. Indeed, there appears to be quite a rush for the sea-shore this summer, as well on the north as the south side of it: but there are some houses "on the sea-shore," where the weather is as warm as it is in Boston. They are supposed to be on the sea-shore, and yet they are a considerable distance from it. And some of our fashionable people, as the rich are vulgarly called, will leave their airy, cool, well-appointed establishments in Boston, with every luxury the market affords, in the vain hope of finding comfort in such houses as those I speak of. They will leave their city palaces, their large and convenient rooms, comfortable bedsteads and mattresses, and all the delicacies of the season, and submit to being stowed away on straw beds or cots, even upon the floor, half a dozen in a small chamber, or four deep in an entry, and be half starved to death into the bargain, upon badly cooked fish and other equally cheap commodities, for the mere sake of being able to think that they are enjoying the "sea breeze!"

At this season of the year the wind blows from the E. and NE. but a small portion of the time, and it is only when the wind is from these quarters that a majority of the visitors, at Cohasset for instance, can enjoy the sea breeze. Why, my dear colonel, I have seen in the entry of a small house on this shore five young ladies and a matron, stowed away in an entry, on cot bedsteads, enjoying *this kind* of sea breeze—their delicate hands and faces horribly disfigured by mosquito bites, and the scratching incident thereto. And this is life on the sea-shore!

But more than this. When breakfast or dinner came, the table, instead of being handsomely furnished with two or three kinds of well-cooked fish, had but little on it—the boarders were fobbed off with a salt mackerel, and a few perch, done as dry as an ancient Digby herring. I have often seen such things.

The fact is, some of the men who keep houses of this kind are too lazy to fish them-

selves, although the ocean lies before them and, within half a mile of their houses, the water swarms with all kinds of the finny tribe: and they are too mean to hire men to catch fish for them regularly. They too often depend upon the efforts of their male boarders for a supply; and when these gentlemen feel lazy, also, the whole affair is a dead failure—there are no fish to be seen. These remarks apply to only a portion of the boarding houses on the shore—the others are admirably conducted. But "evil be to him who evil thinks"—or, as the clown translated the French of that maxim, "Honey, suet, quills, malt, and pease!"

#### *Mosquitoes.*

There is another trouble which it requires some ingenuity to correct; and, as a machine has been invented for extracting the bones from a cooked shad, I shall not despair of seeing some Yankee invent one that will extract the teeth of mosquitoes, and make them "gentle as a sucking dove." I dislike to see my fair countrywomen eaten up by these mischievous, prying, offensive insects, while enjoying the sea breeze. To see the white neck and the fair face of a pretty girl taken rank hold of by them, is enough to make a young fellow jealous, if not positively mad: old as I am, the flame of indignation mantles on my cheek at the very thought!

But the requisitions of fashion are so arbitrary, that every one must yield to them. I do not complain of any one: I only mean to say that there is a choice of situations.

#### *The Fishing Philosopher.*

The fishing philosopher is at his old quarters, on the lower or Jerusalem road. Every morning before sunrise you will find him in his boat, half a mile from the shore, grappling with sturdy cod and haddock, or quietly pulling in an inoffensive mackerel. He is an experienced, skilful fisherman, and takes much delight in tickling the gums of the monarchs of the deep with his ingeniously ganged hooks. He probably makes more than his expenses every year, by his constant labors at the line; the plea-

sure of fishing, of course, costs him nothing. The exercise he receives is a healthy one, and well calculated to prolong his days, if a shark does not visit him unceremoniously some morning before breakfast, jerk him out of his dory, and make a flesh chowder of him. Stranger things have happened; but we desire not to alarm him. Like a delicate old maid in the street after dark, our friend always has a pair of sharp scissors with him to scare away these voracious monsters. Sometimes he has only to shake his straw hat at them and they are off. He is as brown as a berry—a picture of perfect health. In fact, I know of no man in the whole scope of my acquaintance, who appears to enjoy life so rationally as he. With a moderate competence, he leaves the bustle of the city five or six months of every year, and repairs to the coast; and, on its very borders, enjoys the manly and healthful exercise of fishing, wholly regardless of what is going on in the political world, and totally indifferent to the squabbles of his fellow citizens about pure fresh water, so long as he can enjoy his favorite sport upon that which is equally pure, but not quite so fresh. If he is not a philosopher, show me who is one. There is not one man in a thousand who has the good sense to know when he has money enough, or who can enjoy it when he has earned it, or plundered it from the pockets of others.

*Worrick.*

I ought to remark here, that Worrick is in excellent health, and doing well. He whistles as merrily, and listens to well related anecdotes with as much attention as he did twenty years ago. I always liked Worrick, because he has a knack of putting a generous quantity of fat pork into his chowders. He once excelled all other men on the south shore in that respect.

*Mr. Webster's Farm.*

Mr. Webster's house, at Marshfield, has undergone quite a renovation since I saw it last. It is much improved in appearance and continues to be the abode of generous and elegant hospitality. The distinguished

senator has recently given two or three excellent dinners to some of his friends and neighbors, who speak in high terms of his chowders. No doubt they are first rate. I do not think, however, that port wine, or any other wine, improves a fish or a clam chowder. To a pure taste the flavor of the fish alone, and of the common and necessary ingredients, is sufficient, without the "aid of foreign ornament." But it is a very difficult thing to make a chowder that will please every body. I might add, that it is quite as difficult to find a family cook in Boston who understands the art of making chowder at all; and I can truly say, that some of the very worst chowders I ever tasted were made by professional or educated cooks, at our public hotels, who seem to take Noah Webster's (not Daniel's) definition as their guide—"a mixture, of which fish and crackers are the principal ingredients."

In my next, I will give you my own ideas about making fish and clam chowders, and of cooking some other kinds of fish, eels especially.

*Prop Shaking at Hull.*

But before I close this letter, permit me to tell you a brief story in relation to what occurred near Worrick's hotel, on a Sunday, some twenty years ago. It was then fashionable for several of our bank and insurance clerks to leave the city on Saturday afternoons, and, after spending their Sundays agreeably at Nantasket, return home in season for business hours on Monday. One Sabbath day, about noon, a dozen of them were accidentally discovered, under the brow of a rock, by a president of one of the banks, who was in company with a respectable lawyer from Dedham, playing props. And what a discovery! Such a scattering as there was, such a blushing and burning, and such elongated visages, it is quite impossible to describe.

Most of the party are now dead. The bank president is alive, but the lawyer died several years since. It was considered at the time one of the most unfortunate occurrences of the season; and, I may add, the

noise made about it in State-street, on the following day, by some of "our first men," had the desired effect: it put a stop to all similar proceedings thereafter.

*The Telegraphic Establishments.*

The telegraphic establishment at Hull is superintended by Mr. Pope, who appears to be a very faithful man in his business. He is always "on hand," at the earliest dawn, and never quits his *high* office so long as there is any chance of his being useful to the mercantile interest, and that of his employers. Capt. Brown, with whom he is often in telegraphic communication, and has his quarters on Central-wharf, is also a very faithful man. Mr. Pope says he rarely finds him absent from his post. I know him to be vastly more intelligent than most of the individuals with whom he daily comes in business contact. He has a very extensive and most correct knowledge of the islands in Boston harbor.

And here I must be permitted to say a word in commendation of the miniature chart published several years since by Mr. Nathaniel Dearborn. It appears to have been prepared with great care, and is a useful little work. Besides giving the names of all the islands, and the different channels, it points out accurately the popular fishing grounds in the lower harbor. I commend it, on this account, to the notice of young fishermen, and all others who have a taste for fishing and sailing, and would avoid shoals and breakers.

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LETTER VIII.

*The way to make fish and clam chowders, and to cook eels—remarks on the decline of the noble science of cooking among the young ladies of the present day—a laughable note about chowders—remarkable fish stories.*

HULL, AUGUST, 1845.

I proceed to fulfil the promise I made in my letter of yesterday; and the reason I meddle with the subject of cooking chowders is this. Such a thing as a chowder is

unknown in Ireland—and, as you are well aware, nine-tenths of all the "cooks," in the private families of Boston, came from the Emerald Isle. I have been a house-keeper myself about twenty years, and out of thirty or forty girls who came to my house to undertake the cooking, I never had one who could make a chowder

*Fish Chowders.*

A FISH CHOWDER is a simple thing to make. For a family of twelve or fifteen persons, all you have to do is this: In the first place, catch your fish—as Mrs. Glass would say—either with a silver or some other kind of a hook; a codfish, not a haddock, weighing ten or twelve pounds. There is more nutriment in the former than in the latter. Have it well cleaned by your fish-monger, (keeping the skin on) and cut into slices of an inch and a half in thickness—preserving the head, which is the best part of it for a chowder. Take a pound and a half of clear or fat pork, and cut that into thin slices; do the same with ten or twelve middling-sized potatoes. Then make your chowder, thus:—Take the largest pot you have in the house, if it be not "as large as all out-doors;" try out the pork first, and then take it out of the pot, leaving in the drippings. Put three pints of water with the drippings; then a layer of fish, so as to cover as much of the surface of the pot as possible; next, a layer of potatoes; then put in two table-spoonsful of salt, and a tea-spoonful of pepper; then, again, the pork, another layer of fish, what potatoes may be left, and fill the pot up with water, so as to completely cover the whole. Put the pot over a good fire, and let the *chowder boil* twenty-five minutes. When this is done, put in a quart of sweet milk, if you have it handy, and ten or a dozen small hard crackers, split. Let the whole boil five minutes longer—your chowder is then ready for the table, and an excellent one it will be. Let this direction be strictly followed, and every man and every woman can make their own chowders. Long experience enables me to say this, without pretending to

be a "cook's oracle." There is no mistake about it. An onion or two may be used, where people have a taste for that unsavory vegetable; but our New England ladies, those of Connecticut perhaps excepted, although extravagantly fond of onions, do not like to have their male friends approach them too closely when they have been partaking of the "unclean root" and their breaths are impregnated with its flavor.\*

*Clam Chowders.*

With regard to *clam chowders*, the process is very different, but very simple. Procure a bucket of clams and have them opened: then have the skin taken from them, the black part of their heads cut off, and put them into clean water. Next proceed to make your chowder. Take half a pound of fat pork, cut it into small thin pieces, and try it out. Then put into the pot (leaving the pork and drippings in) about a dozen potatoes, sliced thin, some salt and pepper, and add half a gallon of water. Let the whole boil twenty minutes, and while boiling put in the clams, a pint of milk, and a dozen hard crackers, split. Then take off your pot, let it stand a few minutes, and your chowder is ready to put into the tureen. This is the way Mrs. Tower makes her excellent chowders. Clams should never be boiled in a chowder more than five minutes: *three* is enough, if you wish to have them tender. If they

\*A few days since, the very polite and gentlemanly keeper of one of the hotels on the sea-shore, made an ineffectual attempt to give a lady boarder some idea about making chowders. He remarked that he thought "about a dozen *India* crackers improved a fish chowder." "Why!" exclaimed the lady—"I should think they would explode." "I mean, madam, he replied, with characteristic suavity, "crackers made of meal and flour, in equal parts." He no doubt meant what is called on the south shore *Indian* crackers, in contradistinction to those made entirely of flour. But, after all, there are no settled rules about making chowders, especially among the cooks at our large hotels. Capt. Beal of the *Mayflower*, and Hon. Mr. Webster, are doubtless, two of the best chowder makers in this country—that is, they are considered the most scientific—because they can eat well, as well as cook well. It is a rare thing to find two qualities so valuable combined in the same person. Far better than all is the fact that they can clean their own fish.

are boiled longer than five minutes they become tough and indigestible as a piece of India rubber. Let even an Irish lady-cook practise upon this direction for making chowders, and our country will be safe! In seasoning chowders it is always best to err on the safe side—to come "tardy off," rather than overdo the matter. Too much seasoning is offensive to many people, the ladies especially,

*Eels—the way to cook them.*

I have a great mind to enlarge upon this subject, but will not at this time. I will only remark that the eel is a much abused and a much despised fish; and yet, when properly cooked, it is as sweet as any that swims. Many, from ignorance, cut eels up and put them into the frying-pan without parboiling them; of course they are *rank* and disagree with the stomach. They should be cut up, and then put into *scalding hot* water for five minutes, when the water should be poured off, and the eels remain at least half an hour—to reflect on what the cook intends to do next! They are then fit for cooking—the meat is white and sweet, and free from that strong rancid flavor which is peculiar to them before they go through this steaming process. They are commonly used as a pan fish; but they make a delicious pie, (with very little butter) or a good chowder.

*Decline of the science of cooking.*

I hope your readers will not laugh at me for discoursing so "learnedly" on the mode of cooking fish and clam chowders, and eels. The fact is, my dear colonel, forty years ago it was customary for the mothers of Boston to teach their girls to make chowders, to do every kind of cooking, and every kind of domestic labor—well knowing how to do those things themselves, for they were brought up in "times that tried the souls" of *women* as well as those of men; and you cannot find a "Boston girl," and I might add a "country girl," of forty years of age, at the present day, who, in domestic matters, does not understand every rope in the ship. But come down one generation—look into the *spawn* which

is now coming forward, and tell me how many of our city "young ladies"—the daughters of our ministers, lawyers, merchants, traders, mechanics &c., know or care anything about cooking, making bread and cake, washing and ironing, of mending children's clothes, and the thousand other little minutiae incident to a well regulated domestic establishment and its accomplished head. I know of some who have to "take their turns in the kitchen;" but, for the most part, our young ladies are early sent to school to learn the Italian and French languages—they have their musical instructors—they will attempt to play on the piano forte, with no skill at their fingers' ends, and to sing without any natural or acquired voice, and but little knowledge of the notes; and, generally speaking, with an indifferent "fashionable education," they are sent into the world, wholly ignorant of domestic matters, a prey to "help" hardly less ignorant than themselves. And, in after life, if misfortunes come upon them, they will begin to see how unwise they were brought up.

But, upon the subject of cooking I have said enough; hereafter, I may serve up a dish of fish stories.\*

#### *Remarkable Fish Stories.*

(\*NOTES—JUNE, 1848.) The Angler's Guide, a very clever work published in New York in 1845, states, that "the largest eel taken, on record, was caught in one of the bays in Long Island, and weighed *sixteen and a half pounds*. They also, in some instances, grow very large in fresh water streams, and have been taken from *seven to ten pounds weight*." The eel spoken of above must have been a "rouser"—a young sea-serpent. During an experience of many years, both in the market and out of it, on the water and elsewhere, we have never seen any thing of the eel kind that weighed over six or seven pounds. It takes a pretty large codfish to weigh sixteen and a half pounds: there is considerable difference, however, in the solidity and weight of fish; but we doubt the story, all together—fresh water eels included.

A *pickerel*, weighing fifteen and a half pounds, forty-one inches long and eighteen in circumference, was brought to this city in May, 1848, from Deerfield, Mass.

Speaking of fish stories, the annexed items are worth remembering:—"One day last week, Messrs Davidson and Russell drew in at a single haul, on Mr. Hallock's shore, west side of

New Haven harbor, says the *Journal of Commerce*, 2,000,000 of white fish, as nearly as could be estimated, weighing on an average about 3-4 of a pound each. The total weight of the haul therefore was about 1,500,000 lbs. or 750 tons! It is the greatest haul of fish ever made in that harbor, and we suspect it will not be easy to match it any where. The farmers from the neighboring country were engaged three or four days in carrying them off in immense cart loads. They sell at 50 to 75 cents the 1000." The *Evening Post* states that the seine was drawn in by horses, attached to a windlass, and fastened: when the tide receded, the fish were left high and dry on a sandy beach, ready to be carted away.

We have seen about thirty loads of *manhaden* drawn in on Nantasket Long Beach at one pull of the seine, and sold for manure at one dollar per load. These fish are plenty all along the New England coast, and we suppose are what the New York editors call *white fish*.

The *Centinel*, of August 2, 1820, has the following remarkable fish story:—"On Monday four *uncommon* bass were caught, with the hook, from the rocks of Nahant—one of them weighing *fifty-seven lbs.*, one forty-six, one thirty-nine, and the smallest twenty-two." When taken, the sea-serpent was in hot pursuit of them for a luncheon. We have seen a bass, in Catherine market, New York, which weighed sixty-four pounds, and the man who had it for sale informed us that he, a few years since, cut one up that weighed eighty-three pounds.

And while upon the subject of fish stories, we must be permitted to mention a single fact, which occurred in our presence a few days since. Mr. Harrington, of the new hotel at Hull, was fishing for cod and haddock off George's Island. He pulled up, within fifteen minutes of each other, two mammoth sculpins, which looked enough alike to be twins, as aunt Deborah used to say. They measured two feet in length, and weighed about twelve pounds a piece. As we had never read of nor seen such non-descripts, we had the curiosity to examine their bodies after death. We found in the *ponch* of one of them, among other things, four large sized crabs, and a tape-worm four feet long—its liver was of a deep yellow, an inch thick, six inches long and four wide—in its jaws were several rows of well set teeth, giving the fish great power. In the *ponch* of the other, we found two large flounders, in a state of partial decomposition, but nothing else remarkable—its liver was more healthy than that of the other, which no doubt had been troubled with the "liver complaint" for some time, by over-tasking its stomach—a warning this to all bipeds. In all other respects the monsters looked alike. The dissection took place in the presence of several old fishermen, one of whom pronounced them "bellows fish." They had feet extending from the breast, which resembled those of a chicken.

One "item" more and we shall have finished our fish stories. One afternoon, a few weeks since, an expert gunner, on Long Beach, fired into a shoal of porpoises, and killed one of them.

It was soon washed ashore—the ball had entered its head between the right eye and the jaw. Mr. Tower carried it home in his wagon—it weighed over one hundred and fifty pounds. The next morning we had a dish of steaks upon the table, cut from the back of this fish—the meat was very tender. Some of the boarders thought it was fried liver, and others said it tasted like pork. This porpoise yielded three and a half gallons of pure oil. At sea, when a porpoise is taken, it is a very common thing to cut steaks from a portion of it; but it is not every one who knows where to "dig for the meat" on land.

About fifty clams were taken from the sand on the afternoon we speak of, most of which were six inches long, and three and a half in breadth. They were measured by our friend Deacon Loring.

But to change from sea to land stories. We have seen it stated in the papers that, a few days since, an eagle, measuring seven and a half feet from tip to tip, was shot at Hull. We remember to have seen Mr. Joel Walker kill a swallow on the wing there, at the first fire, to settle a bet of a dollar. He is an accomplished sportsman. We once saw him catch fourteen large frogs within an hour.

In the fall and winter, Hull is much resorted to by gunning parties, who find capital sport in shooting ducks, which are generally abundant at the proper season, as are numerous other kinds of game.

## LETTER IX.

*The fort at George's Island—description of the works there—progress made in the work—the dungeon for prisoners—the sea wall—the Great Brewster, once more—Nix's Mate—the fort at Castle Island—a negro forced to ride a wooden horse there.*

HULL, AUGUST, 1845.

I VISITED George's Island yesterday afternoon, with a matrimonial party from Weymouth. The love and affection evinced on the occasion, among the "geese and the ganders," were of an excruciating character, and interested me much. The young ladies, when they get away from home, as you and I know, are always ripe for innocent frolic; and if I had not been a very old man, like King Lear, I should have participated in their fun.

George's Island is but a short distance from Hull, and the sail is a pleasant one. I made merely a flying visit, to see the fort, and had not an opportunity to make

all the inquiries I wanted to. Our party was there only an hour and a half: I could spend half a day profitably in examining the works.

As far as the fort is finished, it is probably the most substantial and magnificent piece of masonry in this or any other country. It goes entirely ahead of the one at Newport, which is of the same class, and of the same model, with a few trifling exceptions. The dry dock at Charlestown is a splendid piece of workmanship, but it bears no comparison to the fort at George's Island, the foundation walls of which are twelve feet thick, and the superstructure eight. It will have a most perfect command over the two principal entrances to Boston harbor.

### *Description of Fort Warren.*

The principal material used in building this fort, which was commenced twelve years ago, is granite, the best of which is from Quincy, and the inferior qualities, used for filling up, are brought from Cape Ann. The fronts are all neatly hammered and the workmanship of the mason is as even and as perfect as it possibly can be. The filling up, too, shows good materials and excellent mechanical skill. About a thousand barrels of cement are used annually. Indeed the walls, like their foundations, are firm and impregnable.

Two sides of the fort, the most important in case of invasion, those fronting Broad Sound and Light House channel, especially the ramparts, are so far completed that the cannon intended for them can be placed there in two or three months.\*

(\*NOTE—JUNE, 1848.) The fort is now nearly finished; but, for want of money, the laborers have been compelled to suspend operations. There is but one cannon mounted, the same as in 1845. There are a few loose ones, however, ready to be mounted. If Congress would make the necessary appropriation, the works could be completed in one year from this time. George's Island is well worth looking at even in its unfinished condition. The fort at Castle Island is finished, and several guns are mounted. The materials of the barracks and other old buildings have recently been removed to Hull, and will be worked up in a hotel about to be erected by Mr. Gould. New buildings are to be erected on Castle Island, as soon an appropriation is made for that object.

If our shores should ever be invaded, by the war ships of a hostile foreign nation, depend upon it that the fort on George's Island will give the American people a good account of them. When finished, it will have cost between three and four millions of dollars. It is intended to mount several hundred guns there.

One of the most interesting points of attraction to strangers at the new fort is what is called the prison. It is semi-subterranean, and situated on the NE. side; to reach it you have to descend a long flight of stone steps. Having touched the ground, you walk about forty feet, and then turn to the left, when you find yourself in the "prison-house" of the fort, which extends, through several apartments or sections, a distance of over one hundred feet, and is capable of accommodating one thousand prisoners, if we should ever have as many in New-England, which is at least problematical—unless the foul fiends disunion and insurrection should raise their bloody and unsightly crests on the soil of the Pilgrims. God forbid! This prison is lighted and ventilated by apertures in the wall, two feet long and four inches wide, through which our infantry could keep up a brisk fire upon an enemy, if we should ever have one on the island, which I also very much doubt. But, "in peace prepare for war," was one of the cherished maxims of the immortal Washington. The cost, to a great and powerful nation like the United States, of such defences as this fort, ought not to be thought of for a moment.

#### *The Workmen.*

Mr. Gould, who feeds the workmen, has to purchase his groceries and provisions by wholesale, potatoes by the ship load, flour by the fifty barrels, molasses by the hogshead, tea by the dozen chests, coffee by the dozen bags, salt pork and beef by the twenty barrels, sugar and every other article in proportion. He has a large ice-house, which he finds very useful in preserving his meats. He has, also, a number of cows, and as fine a lot of four-legged live hogs as ever thrived in N. England. And

when I speak of a four-legged hog, my dear colonel, I wish you to understand that I use the expression in contradistinction to two-legged hogs; that I know several bipeds in our goodly city of Boston, who are decidedly more hoggish in their manners and their feelings, than are the worst specimens of the swinish multitude that I have ever seen.\* Even in Ohio and Kentucky, where hogs run wild, they observe a proper respect for all who come in contact with them. I hope the bipeds I allude to will try to do better. I say I *hope*, for "moral suasion" is much better than the "forcing system."

(NOTE—JUNE 13, 1848.) Speaking of the swinish multitude, it may not be *malapropos* to mention, that Mr. Tower killed a porker this morning which weighed 200 pounds. It was a delicate and symmetrical creature. Mr. Knights, of New Hampshire, officiated as master of the bloody ceremonies; these were witnessed by a large crowd of citizens, including Brother Bates, whose attention was accidentally drawn to the scene, which was of a very thrilling character. In the first place, Knights attempted to entice the hog from a pasture to the place of slaughter; he took it by the ears, and tried to pull it out—it was no go. The fishermen here interfered. He then changed his position, and seized it by the tail, which was as long as an old-fashioned *queue*—such as our good old grand father used to wear. The excitement here commenced. After two or three hearty grunts, the hog made for the opening in the fence, and dragging Knights with him, with the velocity of lightning, he soon brought up in the cow-yard. The spectators followed, shouting, "we've got him!" "we've got him!" Two or three of the stoutest men of the party rolled the creature over, and Mr. K. drawing a long knife from his bosom, deliberately plunged it into the throat of the victim—pretty much as our friends in the South and West serve each other, in cases of emergency. The gash was three inches long, and one and a half deep. Such a "getting up stairs" as there was, at this moment, it is impossible to describe: the hog, with bloody throat, yelling most piteously, bolted from the ring, among the crowd, but was soon brought back, and, in a few moments, drew its last breath. It apparently suffered some at first, but its last moments were tranquil and it died easy. The spectators were sorrow-stricken at the sight, and some of them thought it was a pity to kill so fine a pig, by cutting its throat—others thought that the change from life to death would be attended with gratifying results, to the stomachs of the inmates of Mr. Tower's house especially. The practice of throat-cutting, by the human species, was very generally denounced; and it was conceded, even by the friends of the dead porker,

*The Sea Wall.*

But to return to the fort on George's Island. Since last year the sea-wall, which extends from the south point to the north point of the island, and securely defends that part of it which faces the sea, and is exposed to its fury during a gale from the N, N E, or E, has been nearly completed. It is a strong piece of work, as strong as stone and iron can make it. If the sea, in its sauciest mood, when lashed into a "perfect fury," can make an inroad there, or move a single stone, I never shall attempt to guess again. When the "foundations of the mighty deep" are broken up, and not till then, will this wall be shaken in pieces. The stones are each of them six feet long, three wide, and over a foot deep; they are closely laid, and fastened together with heavy bars of iron, strongly riveted. It appears to me that no power under Heaven could move them; and yet there is at times a fearful, terrible, unaccountable force in the sea—a force that makes us feel

that it had, at different times, evinced much obstinacy, but particularly on the present occasion. Here Father Bates related an anecdote, and likened a few of the human family unto the swinish multitude. He mentioned one case in point. A few years ago (said he) there was a man in Vermont who had a very obstinate, factious wife. In one of her worst fits, she threw herself into a neighboring river, and was drowned. Her disconsolate husband went to the water, and tried to find her body; but, instead of following the stream, down the bank, he took an opposite direction. A neighbour accidentally met him, and inquired his business at such an hour. "I'm looking for the body of my wife," said he—"she jumped into the river this morning, and was drowned." "Then," replied the other, "you must go the other way if you want to find it." "No, no!" exclaimed the husband—"my wife was so infernal contrary and obstinate that she would never go down stream, if I wanted her to—she is up there, somewhere, I guess: I'll go that way." This case reminded me of hog-catching, said Father Bates, and of some of the great human race, who resemble the swinish multitude. Mr. Tower then had his hog thrown into a scalding tub, rubbed down, dressed, and cut up. Some of the Hullonians lingered about the scene of slaughter until after sunset. To some of the company, however, there was very little novelty in the transaction, while in the minds of others it awakened many painful associations, for they had lost some of their best friends in the same way.

our own feebleness, and instinctively leads us to build our hopes and safety on Him who "controls the whirlwind and directs the storm," rather than upon granite and iron, though to all appearances as strong as adamant, and indissolubly bound together.\* In front of the wall, the whole extent of it, have been placed thousands of tons of large stones or rocks, to break the force of the sea before it strikes the wall; an excellent idea.

I trust the time is not far distant when we shall see a similar sea-wall at Point Alderton, and round the exposed parts of several other islands in Boston bay. The Great Brewster, near the lower lighthouse, is fast washing away on both sides. It is a melancholy sight to look at.

I have thus given you all the facts that I could pick up during my short visit to George's Island. You will bear in mind, that it is quite impossible to describe a thing, unless the thing exists! This is the case with the fort, of the merits of which I have been attempting to furnish your readers an imperfect description. The fort at Castle Island is nearly finished. About twenty-five hands are bringing the work to a close, and the fort will be in a condition to have its guns mounted in a few weeks.<sup>t</sup>

\*Mr. Alonzo Lewis, describing a winter-gale at Nahant, has this remark:—"Standing at such an hour upon the rocks, *I have seen the waves bend bars of iron an inch in diameter, double—and float rocks of granite, sixteen feet in length, as if they were timbers of wood.*" We almost wonder that he was not carried away by the force of the wind and tide. If he, good fellow as he is, had not also been a good poet—"his eye in a fine frenzy rolling"—we probably should never have heard of him again. More substantial than granite himself, may he live a thousand years.

<sup>t</sup>Speaking of Castle Island, we are reminded of the fact that, many years ago, a "colored gentleman," then called a negro servant, gave offence to the commanding officer, who ordered him to ride a *wooden-horse*, which was cruelly constructed for the purpose. The exercise was so severe, and so injurious withal, that Cuff barely escaped with his life. His friends took it in hand, sued the commander, and recovered heavy damages for the outrage, which was deemed so brutal by the populace, as the facts were developed in court, that a portion of them threatened to *Lynch* him, even after he had been sentenced to pay a fine. The "law and order" party prevailed, however, as they generally do, except on great occasions.

*Effects of the Sea.*

The Great Brewster, which has long been considered by homeward bound mariners as one of the most prominent, as well as important points and land-marks in Boston bay—it being situated in the direction of the Graves, as they approach Boston light—belongs to Mr. Brackett, of Quincy, who lets it out. Hundreds of vessels load there, annually, with stone ballast and gravel. Within the recollection of many people in Hull, that island extended as far as the Spit, and cattle used to graze upon it; and I have been informed that, since Mr. Brackett became owner of it, fifteen or twenty acres of it have been washed away — probably to fill up the lighthouse channel or the Narrows!

Fifty years ago, where the monument called Nix's Mate now stands, there was an island, on which the grass grew luxuriantly; it was entirely washed away by the sea in a heavy N. E. gale about forty years ago. The Narrows, our principal ship channel, it is said, are fast filling up. It is the opinion of several of our most intelligent pilots, that a deposit of *five or six feet* of stones and gravel has been made there by the force of the sea within thirty years. In a few years it will cost a million, perhaps millions of dollars, to do that which might now be accomplished by the expenditure of one or two hundred thousands.

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LETTER X.

*Further remarks in relation to the town of Hull and its products—frog fishing—clam digging on Long Beach—anecdote about large clams—gunning parties—sites in Hull for cottages—salt works of Mr. Henry Tudor—the industrious shoemaker—new wharf and new hotel—sea bathing—an expert female diver and swimmer—politics in Hull—its representative in the legislature, Mr. Tower, who made Marcus Morton governor of Massachusetts by his single vote.*

HULL, AUGUST, 1845.

THIS letter will conclude my labors. I believe I have, somewhat hastily to be

sure, alluded to almost everything of interest in Hull and its vicinity. I have formed a very favorable opinion of Hull, as a place of resort for recreation and the improvement of the health of invalids. A lady does not have to make her toilet half a dozen times a day here. On many accounts, to my mind, it is superior to almost every other watering place I have visited ; and, if some of the enterprising men of Boston should turn their attention to it, and build a few cottages, and a large edifice for a private boarding house, it would not be long before it would be as popular a place of resort as Nahant. There is generally a good breeze at Hull, which, come from what quarter it may, sweeps over the salt water. On several days during the past fortnight, while the good people of the city were sweating and broiling, with the thermometer at 90 to 100, the weather here has been quite cool and comfortable.

*Frog Fishing.*

There is good frog fishing at Hull. A friend of mine caught fourteen of these interesting fellows in one of the ponds, a few days since, in less than an hour, and we had them served up the next morning for breakfast—a “private arrangement.” Perhaps some of your readers would like to know how to catch frogs. Let me instruct them. Take a fine line, about a yard and a half long, and tie it to the end of a very small pole of about the same length : put on a smelt hook, and bait it with a piece of salt pork of the size of a common pea : approach the pond cautiously, and then, as cautiously, put your bait directly over the mouth of the frog, as you see its head sticking out of the water : in nine cases out of ten the frog will snap at the bait, at once, and it is a gone case with his nimble majesty. As soon as it reaches the land, the frog contrives to divest itself of the hook, and makes for the pond again with the velocity of lightning. But you must be quicker than the frog ; you must seize it by its hind legs and beat its brains out ; it will not bite. When a frog shows no disposition to jump at your bait, all you

have to do is to lower it gently so that the hook will fall below its chin: then give a scientific jerk, the hook does its perfect work, and the prize is yours. A dressed frog resembles a human being—except, perhaps, that the phrenological developments of its head are somewhat more prominent and intellectual than those of most men. Its hind quarters furnish very delicate eating, if broiled and buttered, as you cook a chicken, or they may be made into a fricassee, as the French almost invariably cook them: the other part of it is not considered wholesome. Frogs should never be overdone, for they then become tasteless. But enough of this. I will only add, that a frog ready for the gridiron, is a beautiful creature to look at, and always reminds me of the picture of Eve in the garden of Eden !

*Clam Digging.*

I have been clamming once since I came down from the city, on Long Beach. The clams dug there are very large—some of them are six and a half inches long. Their meat is coarse and tough, like that of the quohog or Southern clam. The smaller clams, which are found in great abundance in this vicinity, are decidedly preferable for cooking. There is something about the history of the sand clams that will interest you. They lie generally within three or four inches of the surface; and when you tread upon the surface under which a clam lies, it feels the pressure, and almost instantly you will find a hole open of the size of a five cent piece. This tells you where to dig. If you do not dig, the hole closes again in a minute or two, and there is no sign of a clam being there. I dug a dozen of these large clams, and left them together in a pile, while I moved on to find more. When I returned to the spot, the whole of them had disappeared. I asked my companion if he had put them into his basket. He said, no; but told me, at the same time, that they had probably dug into the sand again, which I found to be the case—all of them were below the surface, an inch or more; and this was the

work of five minutes only. Curiosity prompted me to try them again. I found that almost as soon as one of these clams was thrown upon the beach, it would extend from its shell a hard piece of flesh, about an inch long, which the fishermen here call its tongue. With the aid of this it would turn itself over gradually, and make down into its natural bed.\* In every heavy NE. storm there are thousands of these clams washed up, but they find their way into the sand again with as much facility as a thirsty gentleman can find a bar-room in Boston or New-York. Thin shelled clams have not the power that I have spoken of; besides, they always keep their holes open, like old snuff-takers, to let you know they are ready for a pinch.

*Tudor's Salt Works.*

The salt works of Mr. Tudor, at the Point, are an object of some interest to visitors at Hull. Mr. T. may be considered an amateur salt manufacturer, for he certainly cannot make much money by his works. There are about 5000 feet of vats and the quantity of salt made is 1500 bushels, which sells at \$3 per hhd., or 40 cents per bushel, at retail. In larger quantities the price is less. It is a beautiful article, and in much request by fishermen; probably no better coarse salt is made in this country. A few years since there were 9000 feet of works in operation, and in one year 3000 bushels of salt were made. There is a large reservoir on the beach, which is filled at every high tide. The water from this is forced some distance through logs into the vats, by a windmill. The young man who superintends the works has much leisure time, which he occupies in making shoes: he is an excellent workman, and gets *twenty-three* cents a pair for making men's dress shoes—such as sell readily in Boston for \$1 50 and \$1 75. The private

(\* NOTE—JUNE, 1848.) Quohogs, at Wellfleet, where they are plenty, as at other places on Cape Cod, do the same. Father Bates says he has often seen one crawl a foot on the sand, and then dig into it. We are learning something every day, in relation to electricity, clam-ology, or the progress of steam.

residence of Mr. Tudor, in the summer season, is a delightful one : in his garden are raised corn, peas, beans, beets, carrots, onions, squashes, and all other vegetables in common use. This is remarkable, when its bleak and exposed situation is taken into view. Every gale that blows visits it roughly ; but it is closed about six months in the year. His salt works are a great accommodation to fishermen in this quarter, and he deserves credit for keeping them in operation.

#### *Sea Bathing.*

The advantages for salt water bathing here are great. The beach, in Hull bay, extends a distance of about two miles, and any part of it can be used at high water or at half tide. It is especially favorable for ladies and children. There is a good bathing house a short distance from Tower's, in which they can adjust their bathing dresses ; and he has a smart girl, who generally goes in with them, and who can swim, and dive, and flounder in the water with as much skill as the best of Braman's pupils. She tells me she learned to swim and dive in the river Clyde, Scotland. I have never seen a female who could do so well in the water. Margaret is the pretty name she goes by. If she were to open a swimming school, all the young fellows in Boston would rush down to Hull to take lessons of her.

But it is now "nothing new" for females to swim gracefully. Mr. Braman, for a year or two past, has been in the practice of learning young ladies to swim ; and I have understood that he has several pupils who evince much talent in that healthful exercise. His school, as you know, is thronged during the summer by our most respectable females.

#### *Political Importance of Hull.*

I cannot close my labors without alluding to the fact that the town of Hull, through her representative, Mr. Tower, made Marcus Morton governor of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. It is this fact which has given her much of the notoriety she

possesses. I understand, from a good source, that there are about fifty voters belonging to the town, in all. The limits of the town extend as far east as the salt-works, beyond Worrick's, and there are several voters in that vicinity. It embraces three or four islands in the vicinity, including the light-house, connected with which there are a number of voters, who have to deposit their votes in the village of Hull—some of them travelling a distance of six miles by land, and others two or three by water, to discharge this most important duty of a freeman. Add to this the fact, that one half the voters are engaged in lightering and fishing, as long as it is safe to run their vessels, and the reader will readily perceive, that it is easy to account for the small number of votes cast at our gubernatorial elections—a fact which has given rise to the expression, "As goes Hull, so goes the State!" When Mr. Tower was elected, there was a great political excitement—it was "diamond cut diamond ;" but the democrats outwitted their opponents, after a hard struggle—between the Atlas party and the office holders —☞ by getting down from Boston the crews of several vessels belonging to Hull. They reached home the evening previous to the election, (the second trial) and, by their votes the next day, they established the political character of the Bay state for the following year. And let it be remembered, too, that this was done by a single vote—by the representative of the smallest town in the commonwealth, chosen under the peculiar circumstances I have mentioned. **THIS IS HISTORY.**

There are some of the most beautiful sites for cottages in Hull that can be imagined, and land is cheap. There is no grocery or other store here—no fire department—and no mechanical branch of business is followed. Every fisherman is his own mechanic. The whole population depend upon Boston and Hingham for their family stores, which they lay in in pretty generous quantities, so as not to have to go up to town often !

## LETTERS FROM HINGHAM.

*The new steam-boat Mayflower Capt. Beal—travelling on the South Shore—Hingham, Cohasset, Weymouth, &c.—the manufacturing establishments in that region—hotels, and private boarding houses.*

HINGHAM, AUGUST, 1845.

I HAVE been spending a few days agreeably on the South shore, where I found hundreds of our citizens enjoying themselves, and inhaling the pure and beautiful sea breeze. Our old friend Capt. Beal has a first-rate boat in the Mayflower. She was christened in compliment to the noble vessel which brought our Pilgrim fathers to Plymouth rock, and bears upon her stern an appropriate and beautiful name for a boat that is daily crowded with the sons and daughters of the Old Colony. The Mayflower was built in New York, and is decidedly the finest boat that was ever driven by steam in the waters of our harbor and bay. She has very little motion—her machinery moves like clock work—even in the roughest of weather, sea-sickness is entirely unknown among her passengers. And in Mr. Cozzen, she has a skilful pilot and an accomplished engineer, while Mr. Siders, the clerk, is a gentleman of intelligence, quiet and agreeable manners, and is all attention to the passengers. To say any thing in praise of Capt. Beal would be an act of supererogation. He is so universally known, so generally respected, for his many good qualities, that nothing I could say would add to his well-deserved popularity. Within the last twelve years, he has carried more children in his arms than all the nurses in Boston and Hingham put together: and the attention he ever bestows upon his lady passengers, has deservedly made him a great favorite with those "dear creatures" whose smiles and charms are considered one of the greatest comforts of domestic life. The crew are all neat in their dress, prompt in their duties, and civil to passengers.

Nearly the whole deck of the Mayflower is shielded from the influence of the weather, the scorching sun, and the driving rain, by a solid ceiling, extending from near the bow of the boat to its stern. One thousand persons can be safely accommodated in her cabins, and other parts of the boat, in the worst of storms. The promenade deck affords a comfortable lounge in fair weather, to all who are fond of making observations, and "enjoying the scenery," as she runs between the numerous islands on her passage to and from Hingham.

On the arrival of the Mayflower at Hingham—in the morning, at noon, and in the evening—stages are in waiting to convey passengers to their respective places of destination, at reasonable rates; to Cohasset, Scituate, Weymouth, Marshfield, &c. A ride from Hingham to either of these places will repay the man of leisure, or the invalid in search of recreation and health, for the time and money he devotes to it. The good-natured countenances of Messrs. Furguson, Jones and Smith, the stage proprietors, are as familiar to travelers on the South shore as their old psalm books. Being active and prudent men themselves, they always employ civil and careful drivers; and I have been informed that no accident has ever occurred, from carelessness on their part. All along the shore, are good public houses and accommodating landlords; a plenty of good feed, "for man and beast"—fresh fish, clam chowder, and pure air. Go in whichever direction he may, it would be difficult for a stranger to make a mistake, if in search of innocent pleasure, of improved health and pretty women, or of an intelligent, industrious, thriving population. Vehicles, of every description, can always be readily obtained at Hingham, by those who desire to enjoy a drive to either of the neighboring towns, to Nantasket beach and, "though last, not least, in our esteem," the famous city of Hull. There has been quite a *rush* for the South shore this summer; the public and private boarding houses

have all been crowded, and mosquitos, like mackerel, have been unusually numerous, and active, and sharp-set. To a man of delicate taste, there is nothing so interesting as to slay one of these mischievous insects, while in the act of fastening itself upon the pure white bosom of a beautiful girl. I have watched many a long minute to get a chance to brush one of them away!

In Hingham there are two excellent hotels, one of which, near the Cove, is kept by Mr. Little, and is much frequented by parties from Boston and the neighboring towns : it is a very quiet establishment, the rooms are airy and well furnished, and the beds comfortable. A sojourn of a few days at this hotel must be of advantage to those who are in search of cool and refreshing breezes, and renewed health and strength.

The Old Colony House is known to every one who has visited Hingham, that flourishing land of boxes, buckets, and new laid eggs. Its fame, as a place of genteel summer resort, has extended to every part of this country—even to the new state of Texas. Its present proprietor, Mr. Bryant, although quite a young man, has had considerable experience in one of the best hotels in Boston. Although he does not possess the legal knowledge of a Mansfield, yet it may be truly said of him, that he was brought up at the feet of Lord Bacon, the Goliah of the bar—of the Exchange Coffee House. He is at all times very polite, and, unless some uncultivated mind or a tin pedler approaches him, there is always a playful smile about his lips, and a graceful, good-natured nod of the head, which are at the service of every one.\*

(\*NOTE—JUNE, 1848.) Poor Bryant being dead, the Old Colony House was sold at auction on the first of May last for about \$7500, and was purchased by Mr. Edward Riddle, an enterprising auctioneer of Boston, who has leased it to Mr. Dudley S. Locke, formerly of the Exchange Coffee House, a gentleman every way fitted to do justice to the public, and to please all who may favor him with a call. We hope he may succeed well at the Old Colony.

Speaking of the Exchange Coffee House, we are pleased to learn that the reputation of this old establishment is handsomely sustained by its present proprietors, Messrs. McGill & Fear-

The extensive grove back of the Old Colony House is visited, almost daily, by pie-nic parties from the city and elsewhere : it is a beautiful and very popular place for such gatherings. Within a short distance from the house there are thousands of black and whortleberry bushes, in full bearing, which are free to all who choose to pick the fruit. The afternoon I returned home, one of these parties came up in the Mayflower, richly laden with the product of their industrious labor. There were several hundred men, women, and children belonging to it, and a happier, more cheerful, and fun-loving set of human beings, I never before looked upon. Some of them, after filling their baskets and tin kettles with berries, tore up bushes, roots and all, and bore them away in triumph ! That was a fault; but as they probably belonged to our party, their motto was—"to the victors belong the spoils of the victory."

While I was in Hingham, I had an opportunity to make a few observations and inquiries. I was agreeably struck with the fine appearance of the burying-ground, which has been much and tastefully improved within a few years. It shows a commendable spirit in those through whose exertions so agreeable a change in this "quiet resting place of the dead" was effected. There have been few or no buildings put up in Hingham since I was last there, four years ago ; in this respect, there are no signs of improvement. The mackerel fishing is still carried on successfully, giving employment to a large portion of the active population of the town. The day I was there a schooner had just arrived, after an absence of only three weeks, with one hundred barrels, Nos. 1 and 2—giving about \$75 to each of the crew—almost as much as an ordinary seaman would earn on an India voyage ; and I learned that all the vessels from that port had been quite

ing, who, with their legal adviser and head book-keeper, are considered by the travelling public as among the best hotel keepers in the United States. And what is more, their charges are uncommonly reasonable—their table excellent.

as successful this year. I was informed that the keel of a ship of 750 tons and a bark of 350 were about to be laid for merchants in Boston, at the yard, in the vicinity of the steam-boat landing. The females of Hingham, many of them, support themselves by sewing and knitting: they are quite industrious.\* The same remark

(\* NOTE—JUNE, 1848.) We paid a visit to Hingham a few days since, and saw many things to admire. The establishment of Messrs. J. Baker & Sons, for the manufacture of silk and worsted tassels, fringes, &c. does an extensive business, and gives employment to fifty persons, mostly females. It is directly opposite the Union Hotel, and is well worth examining. There are some pretty girls employed in this factory—several of them are from Maine and New-Hampshire. While looking about the large room on the second floor we noticed that some of the girls were full of fun, which appeared to be made at our expense, for, as we suddenly turned our eyes round to one of the tables, we saw a bright, dark-eyed maid making queer movements with her fingers—her thumb resting on her nasal organ—as much as to say, "No you don't, old fellow—you can't come it!" When she caught our eyes, she dropped her hand at once, and blushed like a blue bean. Mentioning this occurrence the next day to Father Bates, that worthy man said—"Sir, there was a meaning in her motions; they were purely masonic; these females have their secret signs, the same as the masons did before the death of Morgan; beware of them." We had not another word to say about the matter.

The extensive bucket manufacturing establishment of the Messrs. Wilder, near the Great Plain, is altogether a very interesting concern. We spent an hour or two there. It employs about twenty-five hands the year round, who work ten hours per day, at fair prices; and they are a healthy set of men. The machinery is driven by water power—and it takes a considerable number of men to make a bucket, from the rough to its completion. The logs, spruce and cedar, are procured within a few miles of the factory; they are then sawed up into blocks of different sizes, from 10 inches to 20 long; these blocks are piled up in the yard to season, and then are cut up into slabs, which are turned into neatly curved staves, when they undergo a further seasoning process. Hundreds of cords of this kind of stuff are piled up near the main building, while the workmen inside are driving ahead with the seasoned stock. One man puts a bucket together, another hoops it, and passes it over to still another, who trims it off—sometimes the hoops and handles are made of hard wood, and sometimes of iron or brass; the brass mounted are the handsomest, and most costly. The establishment is a hive of industry, but most of the heavy work is done by ingeniously contrived machinery. We saw but few of the old tools in use, such as the hand-saw, the fore-

may be made in relation to the young ladies of the neighboring towns, in all of which the shoe business is carried on extensively, and, I am happy to add, profitably. The umbrella manufactory of Col. Cazeneau, gives employment to a large number of females. The cooping trade and other mechanic branches are carried on successfully there. At East Weymouth, in addition to the shoe business, there is an iron foundry in full operation, which gives constant employment to about one hundred persons.

This region of country is celebrated for its remarkable enterprise and industry in the shoe trade, which gives constant employment to thousands of men and women, who enjoy all the comforts, and many of them even the elegancies of life. There are many beautiful girls here, who would make excellent wives, for they can cook, wash, iron, bake, and sew, as well as wax the ends of their husbands if they do wrong.

plane, the adz, &c. The workmen turn out three hundred buckets daily, differing in size and quality, and in prices from \$2.50 to \$10 per dozen. When we called upon our friends they were finishing large contracts made with traders in the Southern cities as far as New-Orleans. It would take more room than we can well spare at this time to give a full account of all we saw at this establishment, which is worthy of honorable mention. There are other establishments of the kind in Hingham, we believe; but none so extensive as that we have spoken of, whose proprietors are polite and attentive to visitors. Connected with their factory, is a large building in which the buckets are painted. After our visit to the Wilders, we went to the house of one of their neighbors, who owns two hundred hens. Hereafter, we shall give some account of the manner in which they lay their eggs, for Hingham eggs as well as buckets are celebrated all the world over.

The view from Prospect Hill in Hingham cannot well be surpassed—it overtops every thing of the kind on the South shore. The only difficulty about it is, it is too far from the Cove, the "centre of civilization," to make it a place of much resort to strangers.

Among the stereotyped editions of human nature at Hingham, we were glad to see at the steamboat landing our old friend Capt. Harris, who bears his age wonderfully well, and is as active as he was twenty-five years ago. This gentleman was formerly in the East India trade, and commanded a ship belonging to the enterprising house of Bryant & Sturgis. He has been in the employ of the steamboat company, as a faithful agent, for many years, and is a very useful man.

## LETTER II.

Plymouth—the new hotel there—the rail road between Plymouth and Boston—the towns, and islands, on the South shore passed by the Mayflower, on her trips from Boston to Hingham—Dorchester Heights, South Boston, and the Houses of Correction, Industry, and Reformation for Juvenile Offenders, the Hospital, Lunatic Asylum, &c.—the Farm School—Deacon Grant—Dangers attending boat sailing—the old Race Course at Neponset—Horse racing in general—Squantum, as it was some thirty years ago, and as it is at the present time—the town of Quincy—the late John Adams, his wife, and Mr. John Quincy Adams—the Granite Ledges, &c. &c.

HINGHAM, AUGUST, 1845.

EVERY person who visits Boston should take a trip to the South shore, in the steamer Mayflower, or on the rail road. There are always stages in waiting at Hingham to take passengers to every town along shore, as far as Plymouth; and a visit to that place—the spot where our Pilgrim fathers first landed, after their perilous voyage across the Atlantic—will well repay the traveller for the time and money he may expend in making it. Besides, the new rail road is nearly completed, and it will not be many weeks before one can make a trip to Plymouth—enjoy a good dinner at the new hotel—examine Plymouth rock: Col. Sargent's celebrated painting of the "Landing of the Pilgrims," and a number of other historical paintings; all the curiosities in Pilgrim Hall, many of which were brought over in the Mayflower; and return to Boston again the same day.\*

In going from Boston to Hingham, the Mayflower passes a number of interesting points on her right, which cannot fail to attract the attention of travellers. Not the least of these, are the public institutions at South Boston, which cluster together like so many benevolent and charitable

\*SEE APPENDIX—Book II—for an account of a ride over the rail road, a description of Plymouth, the Pilgrim Hall, the new hotel &c.

brothers—The Houses of Correction, Industry, and Reformation for Juvenile Offenders, the Hospital, the Lunatic Asylum, &c. All these the traveller will gaze upon with interest, and he will naturally say to himself—There are as good men, as warm hearts, and as pure morals, in those public buildings, as there are out of them. And when he says this, he will not be very far from the truth. Workmen, it is said, are building a new jail in that vicinity to take the place of the one in Leverett-street—and when that is finished South Boston will be perfect! The asylum for the blind, a private establishment, stands upon a hill just before you reach the city institutions. This is one of the most useful establishments in New England; its fame has extended through the whole country. Col. Thomas H. Perkins has been one of its greatest benefactors and most liberal friends.\*

After leaving Castle Island on the left, the next interesting point the Mayflower

(\*NOTE—JULY, 1848.) Dorchester Heights, celebrated in the revolution, now a part of South Boston, are seen on the right as you pass to Hingham. With many other apprentice boys, I "worked for my country" on those Heights, and at Williams's Island, during the last war, when Boston was threatened by an invasion by the war ships of Great Britain, which were "plenty as blackberries" in our waters during those days of trial and excitement. I was able to shovel gravel, carry two or three sods and wheel a barrow halffull of dirt. I mention this incident, not from a feeling of self-gloryification! but merely to impress upon your mind the important fact, that I labored *some* for my country in the last war—"honor enough" for any patriotic lad in the country; and, if I don't tell the story, *who shall?* How will my posterity get at the fact? I did not do *much* during the revolution, to the best of my recollection, not having been in existence at that time; but I have been acquainted with several old men who did, and some who were so foolish as to think they did, and used to say that they belonged to the famous tea-party which threw his majesty's tea overboard in the port of Boston; but I had as much to do with that affair, probably, as many of them, who made stouter professions. You will never hear the last of *that* party. A new candidate for public sympathy and favor will be raised every year, until another war with Great Britain takes place, or the character of human nature is radically changed for the better. This will not be in your time nor mine.

passes is the Farm School, which was incorporated in 1835. This is on Thompson's Island, and lies on the right—a large four story brick building, painted green. It is called the Boston Asylum and Farm School for Indigent Boys, and is strictly a private establishment. Its object is the education and reformation of boys who have committed no crime, but who, from loss of parents or other causes, are exposed to extraordinary temptations, and in danger of becoming vicious and dangerous members of society. The House of Reformation for Juvenile Offenders, at South Boston, is a municipal institution; and none but young criminals, who have been convicted of offences against the laws, can be admitted there. The difference between the two institutions will at once be seen. Since the opening of the Farm School, in 1835, over four hundred boys have received the benefit of its instructions, and most of them been bound out as apprentices, either to mechanics or farmers. During the past year there were about one hundred boys on the island: at present there are seventy. They attend school one week, and the next work on the farm—and in this way they receive a good English education, and, become acquainted with farming. Their food is simple and good. The sales of hay, potatoes, and other products, last year, after supplying the wants of the island, amounted to over \$600. The island contains one hundred and forty acres of land. The children attend prayers, morning and evening, and religious services on Sundays. There has been no physician on the island for three years, and only one death. The probability is, that there would have been more deaths if there had been more physicians; but this must be spoken in an under tone. For want of funds the managers are constrained to refuse many applications for admission. A few years ago, Mr. Jacob Tidd, of West Roxbury, took one of the boys from the Farm school, to "bring up:" he was a poor orphan. By his exemplary conduct he gained the confidence of his master,

who, at his death, having no family, left him his well-stocked farm and his comfortably furnished house, together with other property, valued at several thousand dollars. One of the teachers at the Farm school, by the name of Locke, a few years since was detected in inflicting upon some of the pupils the most exquisite cruelty that can be imagined: he was a finished brute in his education and feelings, and was murdering the poor creatures by inches, when his nefarious conduct came to the knowledge of the public, who were so incensed against him that he had to clear out suddenly from the city, to "parts unknown." I believe he died recently in one of the Western states. On another occasion, some twenty of the boys were sailing in a boat belonging to the island, when it was accidentally swamped, and all but two of them were drowned. And before this accident, as I have been informed, two of the boys were killed by lightning; and one broke his neck, by falling from the great beam in the barn. Deacon Moses Grant is the active manager of this excellent charitable institution, which is now conducted with more prudence than it formerly was. The deacon's whole soul is devoted to this establishment, and to the glorious cause of temperance. He gives but little away in charity, of his own means; but in dispensing the contributions of others he is considered a faithful and zealous agent; and liberal as a prince.

To the right of Thompson's island is Neponset, which, in its palmy days, was a place of considerable consequence. When I was a boy, there was a race-course in the vicinity of the hotel, which was patronised by many respectable ladies and gentlemen of Boston and the neighboring towns. The "jockey club," then in existence, embraced the names of Stackpole, Whiting, Bigelow, Soper, Spurr, senior, and many other noble spirits, most of whom have long since "gone to that bourn whence no traveller returns." About the same time, if I remember rightly, there was a course in Brookline, just beyond the old

Punch Bowl tavern, and in the direction of the Mill Dam, which was also much patronised by the people of Boston. The best blood horses of New Englaud were often seen on our turf, which was managed with a proper regard to decency and order. Finally, however, horse-racing became unpopular in this section of the country, and the courses spoken of were broken up. From that time to this, the large hotel at Neponset has been unproductive property, and has been appropriated to almost every kind of use that can be thought of or mentioned. The Punch Bowl tavern, also, has long since been abandoned. It was once a gay place—and, to the "best of my knowledge and belief," all kinds of sport were carried on there.

I believe it is now over thirty years since the last "trial of speed" between running horses, took place among us. Several efforts have since been made to introduce that kind of amusement; but I remember of no regular running matches, with the exception of now and then one, on the South Boston turnpike—single heats of two miles. There have been many trotting matches, however, within the last twenty years, on the Salem turnpike—between Chelsea and Lynn; on the Mill Dam, and at the course in Cambridge. And I could name several individuals, now dead, peace to their ashes! who were most unmercifully cheated in some of these matches. On one occasion, through the advice of a "kind friend"—as he supposed him to be at the time—a good-hearted young gentleman, was *milked* out of three thousand dollars; and, as was afterwards ascertained, his "friend" and adviser, who was the stakeholder, shared the spoils with the winner! It takes years of severe experience to learn all the tricks of professional jockies. I have even known riders of fast-trotting horses to be sometimes bought up for a "valuable consideration"—thus not only deceiving their employers, but injuring the reputation of their horses. In such cases there is no remedy for the losers, who

must "grin and bear it," or, like Jemmy Green in the play, be the laughing stock of every dealer in horse flesh, far and near. The fact is there are many simpletons in the habit of betting at horse races, and of buying what are called fast horses, who think they possess a consummate knowledge of horse flesh, of the speed of horses, and of the tricks of those who make a living by riding and selling them, when, in fact, they know as little of the matter as the very turf over which their horses are made to trot. But it is now many years since I beheld a horse race. I have been present at many—on Long Island, at Camden in New Jersey, in Washington city, and other places at the South, and seen some of the best contested matches that ever took place in this country; but I have always considered that between Eclipse and Henry, in 1822, as decidedly the most interesting and thrilling. I shall never forget that race. Mr. Purdy had always previously rode Eclipse; but, on the occasion to which I refer, at the *first heat*, that noble animal had a new rider, and, as you may remember, he was beaten. Among other gentlemen on the judges' stand at the time, was John Randolph of Roanoke, and it was amusing to see him and his Southern friends exult at the triumph—momentary, as it turned out to be—of Henry, a beautiful creature, over the crack horse of the northern turf. Purdy, on the other hand, was sensibly affected—he shed tears profusely. I recollect the incident well. And when he mounted Eclipse, for the *second heat*, there was a new feeling, a new confidence, among the friends of the northern horse. Bets, however, ran decidedly in favor of Henry—two to one, and three to one. For the first and only time in my life did I risk money at a horse race on this occasion, by betting in favor of the northern horse. The result is well known. Eclipse won the second and third heats, and took the purse of \$25,000, in presence of some seventy-five or a hundred thousand persons. I have seen other races since, on

the Long Island course, but never one that interested me half so much as did that I have just spoken of. Besides, at that day, the races were patronised by the best families in New York.

•It is an easy matter to account for the fact mentioned above, that the sports of the turf fell into disrepute in New England at an early day. There was always more or less gambling carried on at the races here—the same as there is now on Long Island, in New Jersey, at Washington, and other places south, where the gaming table appears to be an indispensable appendage of the turf. There is no disguising this fact. If roulette, faro, and other tables are not allowed on the ground, in plain sight to all who have eyes to see, they are to be found under cover within a few rods of the course, in great abundance. The races over, a portion of the crowd as naturally flock to these tables as another portion do to their drinks and their dinners. On one occasion, at the south, in a building adjoining the race-course, I remember to have counted over twenty gambling tables in full and successful operation, and some of the bettors were men who stood high in the councils of the nation. The tables were all surrounded by anxious sportsmen, and each table had upon it piles of gold, and silver, and bills. Is it to be wondered at, then, that this kind of amusement has never been able to take root in the soil of New England? I say nothing of the fact, that, at the south, the races are generally celebrated as a gala season by the vilest of the female population.

After this digression, I come to the celebrated place called SQUANTUM, which for a long time antecedent to 1820, was a favorite resort of all the “choice spirits” of Boston and the country round, who were in the habit of assembling in great numbers—from five to eight hundred—to enjoy a “feast of the good things of the sea, the sand, and the orchard. It was called the “Squantum feast,” and was intended as a celebration in honor of the Indian tribes who inhabited the soil over two centuries

ago.\* I was present at the feast of 1819, and that of 1820—and as your young readers know but very little of what their fathers did, I shall take some pains to enlighten them, especially as the present generation have no amusements of the kind to engage their attention. As the world grows older, it appears to me, the people become more cautious in their amusements, and are compelled to do those things stealthily which their fathers did above-board. I regret to see this state of things. If the old men, and the young men, of the present day, were to join in a “Squantum feast,” they would be unceremoniously denounced, by a large portion of the community, as crazy and dissipated. The pulpit would thunder its anthemas at their devoted heads, and a portion of the press, professing to be more pure than the rest, would cry out, shame! But, as you are some few years younger than myself, my dear colonel, and came “from the country” *Greene*, permit me to tell you what “our first men” used to do at the Squantum feasts. My extracts shall embrace a period of only eight years, commencing in 1812. The Columbian Centinel of August 26, of that year, has this paragraph on the subject, which will give you some idea of the *quality* of the men who participated in those feasts:—

“SQUANTUM FESTIVAL. This feast was celebrated on Monday last by between 500 and 600 citizens from the country and town, in ample and ancient form. Every thing conspired to render the day harmonious and agreeable. Of the invited guests, were Gov. Strong, Lieut. Gov. Phillips, Mr. Secretary Bradford, Com. Bainbridge, Rev. Dr. Morse, Hon. Messrs. Rice

\*“At Massachusetts, near the mouth of Charles river, there used to be a general rendezvous of Indians. The circle which now makes the harbors of Boston and Charlestown, round by Malden, Chelsea, Nantasket, Hingham, Weymouth, Braintree and Dorchester, was the capital of a great sachem, much reverenced by all the plantations of Indians round about. \* \* \* \* The tradition is, that this sachem had his seat upon a small hill, or rising upland, in the middle of a body of salt-marsh, in the township of Dorchester, near to a place called Squantum.

*Hutchinson's History of Mass., Vol. I.*

and Fiske of the Council, Hon. Mr. Bartlett, and many gentlemen from the southern states. At 5 o'clock, the Governor and Lieutenant Governer returned, when an escort was formed, under the direction of Maj. Josiah Quincy and Capt. Charles P. Phelps, who conducted the guests to town, followed by a long train of carriages and chaises. Neponset bridge was handsomely decorated on the occasion. The good ship Washington (a miniature ship) was saluted and cheered, and the salute and cheers were returned."

This was in 1812, about the commencement of the last war with Great Britain. During that war, as is well known, polities ran high, and parties were much divided. This had some effect upon the Squantum celebrations, the democrats having absented themselves from them; but the federalists kept possession of the field, and held a feast annually during the war, giving to their proceedings a decided party tone. A year or two after the war an effort was made by some of the prominent men of both parties to have a union feast, to bury the hatchet, and smoke the calumet of peace. The annexed extract from the Centinel will show how they succeeded in their peaceful efforts:—

From the COUMBIAN CENTINEL, of July 30, 1817.

#### FEAST OF SQUANTUM.

The anniversary of this ancient FEAST was celebrated on Mouday last, at the usual spot in Mattapan bay, in aboriginal style. The federal committee of arrangements, desirous that the celebration might be in the spirit of the times, and that the tomahawk of party should be buried deep, made their invitations general, and the celebrators were very numerous, and embraced functionaries, citizens and strangers of all parties. The day was fine, and the good things of the sea and sand, of the first quality, were served up by Mr. Seaton, in great abundance, and in excellent order, all day long. After the second repast, a Sanop announced that Squantum was approaching to brighten the chain of friendship, and to hold a talk with the white men assembled on her domain. She was accordingly introduced to the president of the day, by the head marshal, and was accompanied by five of her tribe, bearing olive branches, and all dressed in the habiliments of her race. After having smoked a pipe of union and partaken of a cup of

strong water, (*bimbo*) she delivered the following TALK:—

"BROTHERS—Open your ears! Squantum is very glad to see the white men of the ocean once more united.

"BROTHERS—Many moons have gone away since we have seen each other. The white men have been divided into parties, and Squantum will not come amongst those who hate one another.

"BROTHERS—The great Sagamore of the nation (President Monroe) has visited you. He has united all hearts. You have again become a band of brothers: and Squantum can now offer you the PIPE OF UNION.

"BROTHERS—Listen! You are all welcome. You have come to bury the TOMAHAWK OF PARTY. Dig deep the grave of it; and let the rock of Squantum keep it buried, as long as the grass grows, or the waters run in the Neponset.

"BROTHERS—Open a kind ear! The Great Spirit guided the white men across the great deep to these shores of Mattapan; and the children of the forest, who once possessed the country, have been driven beyond where the sun goes to rest. Of the whole race of the red people, Squantum only is left, and she has no place whereon to lay her head, but that on which she now stands. She goes soon to her brothers in the west; but before she goes, she leases this spot to the white men for three times thirteen moons—on condition that they celebrate her feast once in every year, and smoke a pipe to the memory of her grandfather, the great king Squanto—the best friend of the white men.

BROTHERS—Enjoy the good things of the sand and the sea. Smoke the pipe of union and good feelings; and receive Squantum's blessings, and her leave to fry as many fish as you can catch, and boil as many clams as you can dig. Farewell!"

A rock had been previously loosened and rolled from the highest cliff of Squantum, to form the tombstone of the tomahawk which the celebrators had convened to bury. At the proper time, Squantum cast a tomahawk and hatchet into the grave dug for the purpose, which the celebrators immediately buried, and rolled thereon a rock from the cliff. The usual ceremonies of smoking and parting succeeded, and Squantum and her train retired to the west. A translation of the talk was then read by the president of the day, who put the question, if the white men confirmed the contract? when Marshal Prince, in a very animated speech, expressed a wish that the tomahawk might be buried forever, and that henceforth the only emulation among

brethren of the same great family might be, who should best serve their country and one another. This was confirmed by three hearty cheers.

Every thing went on harmoniously the next year; and, until the feasts were abandoned, somewhere about the year 1822, the hatchet of party discord continued to repose in quietness, in the grave which was dug for it by Major Russell and Marshal Prince, and other prominent politicians of that day. The *Centinel*, of August, 1819, contains this notice:—

FEAST OF SQUANTUM.

The ancient Feast of Squantum will be celebrated this year on Monday next, at the rural spot, on the banks of the Neponset, consecrated time out of mind to this festival. High water at 2 o'clock.

The Council have thought it best that the badge delivered by the scribes to the celebrators shall entitle them to the well provided good things of the sea, the sand, and the orchard, at \$1. Those, therefore, who desire other beverage than good cider will please to bring it with them, or purchase it at the wigwams which will be erected for their accommodation. The first course of good things will be served up at 10 o'clock, and continued until the falling of the waters.

The Council have examined the tomb of the hatchet, and report—"That it continues buried in the bowels of the earth, with the huge rock still over it, and cannot rise while the grass grows and the water runs."

The scribes will attend at their usual booth, on the ground, and the celebrators will be introduced by the marshals.

*Rocks of Squantum, August 2, 1819.*

The feasts at Squantum were finally abandoned, as I have been informed, because they became "too common;" and because scenes of rowdyism were introduced into them by professional sportsmen and idlers, of the lowest kind, whose boisterous rudeness and vulgarity, and whose propensity to gamble, drove away all decent men. The celebrations fell into disrepute, and were finally abandoned, with much reluctance, by those who for more than a quarter of a century had participated in them.

The late Major Russell, who, for half a century, filled an enviable place in the public eye, often officiated as the sachem.

Many of the characters in the feasts—lawyers, merchants and mechanics—were often dressed in Indian costumes, and their grotesque appearance afforded an infinite degree of amusement to all present.

Squantum is now a place much resorted to, by fishing and other parties. There is a good house of entertainment there, with lodging-rooms, a long dining hall, bowling allies, &c.; and it is considered by many as the most romantic spot in the vicinity of Boston. A hungry man, in search of a good fish or clam dinner, will be always sure to find one at Squantum. By water, it is about five miles from Boston—by land, over good roads, six or seven.

Between Squantum and Boston lies old Spectacle—an island more resorted to, by sailing and afternoon fishing parties, than any other in Boston harbor. It is four miles from Boston, and there is an excellent hotel there, kept by Mr. Woodroffe, a gentleman of popular manners, who does an excellent business. I remember to have gone ashore there, several years ago, with the "veteran whist club," and some other old bo-hoys, who hired a colored gentleman, who happened to be there with Dorcas, Dinah and Phillis, to fiddle for them. The agility of my venerable friends, in the jig, reel, cotillion and waltz, was highly commended by the colored ladies, who stood at a distance.

The next towns on your right, as you pass Squantum, are Quincy, Braintree and Weymouth, and then comes Hingham, which I have already spoken of. Quincy was formerly a part of Braintree, where John Adams, of revolutionary memory, was born, before that town was divided. He died, it will be recollected, on the fourth of July, 1826—the same day on which the illustrious Jefferson died. His last words were, "THIS IS A GLORIOUS DAY!"

The house in which Mr. Adams was born, a small two story building, is now in what forms a part of Quincy: it is a place of much interest to the good people of that town, as well as to others. His body was deposited under the Unitarian church, by

the side of his wife, Mrs. Abigail Adams, who died some years before the old patriot. There is a tablet near the pulpit in that church, bearing the following chaste inscription, from the pen of his son, Mr. John Quincy Adams :—

*Libertatem, Amicitiam Fidem Retenebis.*

D. O. M.

Beneath these walls are deposited the mortal remains of John Adams, son of John and Susannah Boylston Adams ; second president of the United States. Born 19-30th October, 1735. On the 4th of July, 1776, he pledged his life, fortune, and sacred honor, to the independence of his country. On the 3d of September, 1783, he affixed his seal to the definitive treaty with Great Britain, which acknowledged that independence, and consummated the redemption of his pledge. On the 4th of July, 1826, he was summoned to the independence of immortality, and to the judgment of his God. This house will bear witness to his piety; this town, his birth-place, to his munificence; history to his patriotism; posterity to the depth and compass of his mind.

At his side sleeps, till the trump shall sound, Abigail, his beloved and only wife, daughter of William and Elizabeth Quincy Smith : in every relation of life a pattern of filial, conjugal, maternal, and social virtue. Born Nov. 11-22d, 1744; died 28th Oct. 1818, aged 74. Married Oct. 1764. During an union of more than half a century, they survived, in harmony of sentiment, principle, and affection, the tempests of civil commotion, meeting undaunted, and surmounting, the terrors and trials of that revolution which secured the freedom of their times, and brightened the prospects of futurity to the race of man upon earth.

PILGRIM,

From lives thus spent thy earthly duties learn,  
From fancy's dreams to active virtue turn;  
Let freedom, friendship, faith thy soul engage,  
And serve like them thy country and thy age."

The house in which John Adams died is called the family mansion, and is now occupied by Hon. John Quincy Adams, a man whose name will live in history, as long as the 'grass grows and the water runs.' No other man, precisely like him, has ever lived in this country ; and whoever shall have the honor of writing his biography, will have the labor of years to perform. It will require no common mind to do him, and his vast complicated public services, and his private virtues, merited justice.

If, in this vast extent of country, there can be found, at the time of his death, a man of his unyielding perseverance, his

untiring industry, his goodness of heart, his unshaking moral courage and thorough independence of mind—regardless of the sneers and puerile criticisms of this commentator or of that—his remarkable abstemiousness, so far as the sensual appetites are concerned, and his unsurpassed merits as a diplomatist and statesman ; that man will be designated, by his countrymen, as one qualified to perform the important task I speak of.\* Mr. Adams always rises at an early hour in the morning—in the summer season by day-break ; and in the winter, he frequently performs considerable labor by candle-light, long before his neighbors begin their daily occupations.

There is an excellent hotel in Quincy, which is kept by Mr. French, a son of the old post-master—as fine a young fellow as ever entertained weary travellers. It is directly opposite the Unitarian church.

The granite sent from Quincy to different parts of the country annually, amounts to two or three hundred thousand dollars. There are twelve large ledges, besides several smaller ones, carried on by different individuals, and giving employment to about four hundred persons.

(\* NOTE—JUNE, 1848.) Since this was written, Mr. Adams has departed this life, as every one knows. With the numerous tributes of respect paid to his memory every intelligent reader is, also, acquainted. The eulogy on his life and character, delivered in Faneuil Hall by President Everett of Harvard College, is a just, noble, and spirited production—as finished a narrative of his life, public and private, as could have well been penned, under all the circumstances. But, where the field was so extensive and luxuriant, the friends of this ripe scholar and eloquent speaker expected nothing less of him, than the able and highly finished eulogy he has produced. We commend it to the attention of every one.

The discourse delivered in Quincy, at the interment of Mr. Adams, is another production, of the same stamp, which should be read by every admirer of genius and a vigorous style of composition. There is a wonderful degree of feeling pervading every page of it. The remarks of Mr. Lunt, specially addressed to the representatives of the nation, at the close of his discourse, are strikingly pertinent and beautiful. We have never read an occasional sermon with one half the gratification we enjoyed in reading this.

## A P P E N D I X .

### A.

#### INDIGNATION MEETING AT HULL.

(NOTE—JUNE, 1848.)—Since this was written, the wrecks here spoken of,—see page 15,—have been removed from the beach, the fragments before Mitchell's house burned up by the inhabitants for fuel, and other improvements effected; but the frequency of shipwrecks on Nantasket beach and its vicinity, on Cohasset rocks, at Scituate, Marshfield, and other places, is a subject which engrosses the attention and thoughts of the Hullonians, who are too often shocked at the accounts which appear in the Boston papers, and who are so frequently called from their beds at the dead hours of the night, to save the lives and property of others, that they have been compelled to get up an *indignation meeting*, and to express their sentiments very freely upon this important subject.

The Shade of Alden attended this meeting, by invitation of the selectmen, and, at their request, has given some account of it below. It is gratifying, also, to see that the Boston underwriters have adopted measures to check this crying nuisance to the people of Hull and the fishermen of Hingham. The following notice we cut from the Daily Advertiser:—

“NOTICE. At a meeting of the Board of Underwriters, (comprising the Presidents of all the Marine Insurance Companies in this city) held this day, at their rooms, it was

“Resolved, That this Board will hereafter examine into all cases of shipwreck or disaster, happening without extraordinary cause, to vessels insured by any of their respective companies; and ascertain if the cause or causes of such shipwreck or disaster are to be attributed to the carelessness, want of proper judgment, neglect, or the important precaution of trying the soundings on approaching the land, or to any other gross negligence on the part of the master or other navigator of such vessel or vessels.

“Boston, May 27, 1848.”

The meeting we refer to in our introductory remarks took place on 'Change, in Hull, a short distance from Tower's hotel, and was organised by the choice of Capt. Mitchell as chairman, and Capt. Lawton as secretary. The objects of the meeting having been fully and intelligibly explained by the chairman, a committee of three was appointed to draft resolutions in relation to the alarming increase of shipwrecks on the shores in the vicinity of Hull, Cohasset, Marshfield, &c. This committee retired, and, after an absence of thirty minutes, returned with the following preamble and resolutions, viz.:

WHEREAS, the quiet, industrious citizens of Hull have noticed, with regret and indignation, but with the feelings of men and of christians, as they humbly trust, the rapid increase of shipwrecks, and of accidents to our mercantile marine, on Nantasket beach, the Hardings, Cohasset rocks, at Marshfield, Scituate, and other places in that vicinity: And whereas, those which have occurred of late are believed to have been caused, for the most part, through the ignorance, inexperience, carelessness, or want of proper attention and skill on the part of those in command of the vessels which have been partially or wholly wrecked—in some instances involving the loss of valuable human lives as well as property: And whereas, of late years, we have been shocked at the frequent midnight calls made upon us to proceed to Long-Beach and its neighborhood, to save the fragments of wrecks and the lives of mariners: And whereas there is reason to believe, that many of the youthful captains sailing out of Boston are unfit for the business they are engaged in, either from a want of experience as seamen, sound judgment and skill as navigators, or the absence of a proper alacrity when approaching the coast, and who are too often put in command of vessels through the undue influence of wealthy relatives: And, whereas, these things are becoming highly offensive to the unpretending, hard-fisted citizens of Hull and of Hingham, some of whom have followed fishing twenty-five and thirty years, without running ashore, or without meeting with a single accident: Therefore,

Resolved, That there are four points to the compass—N. E. S. W.; and any captain of a vessel who cannot box the compass, deserves to have his ears boxed.

Resolved, That an education received by rubbing against the walls of a college, or passing through its halls, is not so serviceable to a sea-captain as one received upon the Ocean, amidst high winds, heavy seas, and hard knocks.

Resolved, That maps and charts are useful to navigators at sea, and he who neglects to study them thoroughly is a blockhead of the first class, and ought not to be entrusted with the command of a first class ship.

Resolved, That the beach at Marshfield is not Boston Light House, “any way you can fix it.”

Resolved, That no captain of a ship has a right to run his jib-boom into the lantern of Boston Light, through mistake or carelessness—supposing himself to be fifty miles from the shore at the time.

Resolved, That the light on Eastern Point, at the entrance of Gloucester harbor, a steady light,

cannot well be mistaken, except through sheer ignoranee, for that at the entrance of Boston harbor, which is a revolving one.

Resolved, That Boston Light and Cape Ann are thirty miles apart, and cannot be made much shorter, even by the aid of a straight railroad from point to point.

Resolved, That Cohasset rocks, on the South shore, although they resemble some others, on the North shore, are not one and the same thing: and it is important that this fact should be generally understood.

Resolved, That any captain, while nearing the rocks spoken of, or any others, who fails to use his deep-sea line, or his hand-lead, constantly, until he finds out his right position, is unfit to have charge of a valuable ship and cargo, and the more valuable lives of her crew and passengers: his own is of but little consequence to the rising generation.

Resolved, As the deliberate opinion of this meeting, that when a sea-captain, if approaching our coast, his course due W., finds himself getting rapidly into shoal water, the safest way is to wear ship, and run to the Eastward, instead of running plump upon the beach or the rocks.

Resolved, That a sea-captain might as well be a hard-drinker, at once, as to be extremely ignorant of his reckoning and his bearings, under a bright sky and a brighter sun.

Resolved, That our labors as wreckers are often severe and perilous, but well-intended, disinterested, and zealous; and that we look to the underwriters for a proper remuneration, in all cases where assistance is rendered to vessels in distress. It is not right for them to cavil at small charges, when they are just.

Resolved, That Father Bates be respectfully requested to preach a sermon upon the important points embraced in these resolutions.

At the suggestion of the chairman, the following resolution was added to those reported by the committee:

Resolved, That any captain who runs his vessel ashore, from inadvertence or other cause, and throws only half his cargo overboard, where it can be fished up with facility by wreckers, is entitled to more consideration and favor, at the hands of underwriters, than he who meets with a total loss, vessel and cargo.

He enforced the adoption of this excellent resolution with some eloquent remarks, and the meeting approved it. The whole subject was then thrown open for discussion. Several gentlemen addressed the meeting, and bore with unsparing severity upon the gross negligence and carelessness of the commanders of several vessels which had been either wrecked or damaged within the last few years.

Capt. James attributed many of the recent accidents to carelessness entirely. He had no compassion for those who, from inattention and ignorance, endangered human life and the valuable property of their employers. They never used the lead in approaching the shore; in this they were censurable. They lacked judgment, also; were often wrong in their reckoning, and wanted experience. Besides, some of the young captains were too proud to consult with their mates, men of more knowledge and experience than themselves, and would even spurn excellent advice when volunteered by them. He had known many instances of this kind: a better feeling should exist between captains and mates. A man might answer very well to amuse passen-

gers, in the cabin, and yet be unable to sail his ship well. This is too often the case. He had some feeling for a captain suddenly caught on a lee shore, in a heavy gale: he might, perhaps, have made a trifling mistake in his reckoning, and did n't hit exactly right: after casting over his anchors, cutting away his masts, and throwing overboard heavy articles of his cargo, then, if he was driven ashore, there was some excuse for him; but he had no charity for a man who would run his ship ashore, in good weather, under full sail, with even his royals set. He had known such cases lately, and gave the names of several vessels and their commanders, the losses on them and their cargoes, and the amount of insurance effected. His remarks were satisfactory.

He had been on the water from a boy upward, and never yet met with an accident. The cause of almost all accidents was carelessness, carelessness, carelessness! combined, too frequently, with vanity, ignorance, and inexperience. If the insurance offices did not keep a better look-out, and adopt a more rigid scrutiny, with regard to the qualifications of young master mariners, they, too, like some of the ships they insure, would soon go to destruction, with all sail set—high and dry, a total loss! [Tremendous cheering—Capt. J. is about sixty years of age, a fluent speaker, and much esteemed by his fellow townsmen.]

Capt. Dill next took the floor. He appeared to be a very modest, gentlemanly sort of a mariner. He spoke of his own experience with much diffidence, but deprecated, in glowing terms, the frequent shipwrecks upon our coast, nearly all of which, he was sure, originated in ignorance or carelessness. He had sailed thirty years out of Hingham and Hull, and did not hesitate to assert, that any captain, even of a mackerel-boat, belonging to either place, would be severely censured, if not discharged, if he were to run ashore in Boston bay, as several splendid ships had done within the last three years. He mentioned several anecdotes in relation to different vessels, one of which ran ashore near Boston Light, with a valuable Liverpool cargo; so near, said Captain D., that her jib-boom came within a few feet of running into the lantern! If it had been a little longer, he thought that it would have put out the lights! (Hear, and cheers.) He was first to go on board of her; Captain Sturgis was the next. There were no chain cables out, but both anchors were on the bow: when she went on, a pilot-boat was in full chase of her, to inform the captain, who was a green young man from Maine, of the danger he was in!

Captain Dill asked why these accidents occurred so often of late to our merchant ships? They had got to be an almost every day occurrence. He attributed them to the causes mentioned by his friend, Captain James. Navigation was very well, but without *some* judgment it was not worth much. Why don't we hear of our fishing vessels getting on shore? You never hear of one. Cases are very rare, certainly; and it is not because their commanders have the theory of navigation perfect. No, no. They are good navigators, nevertheless: they *feel their way*, use the lead at the proper time, have good judgment, and exercise it. Why, Mr. Chairman, (said Capt. D. feelingly) I have known the captain of a fishing schooner, belonging to New England, to go to Cape Sable, all round the Bay of Fundy, thence on to George's Bank, stretch off to Cape May, and thence all along the coast to New-Orleans, where he would pack out, with a full cargo of fish. And this captain had nothing but a shingle and a

piece of chalk to aid him: he did n't trust so much to his reckoning as he did to his judgment, and the constant use of his lead. Captain Dill could not but think that some improvement would soon take place, that the number of shipwrecks would be lessened; if they were not less frequent, the people of Hull would have to petition the Humane Society to send down two more life-boats. One of those now on the beach had done good service, having been the means of saving about **FOORTY** mariners. [Captain Dill took his seat amidst thunders of applause.]

Capt. D. was followed by other Hull navigators, whose remarks were similar to those already given. The resolutions were then adopted with acclamation, and the Shade of Alden was requested to print them in the history of Hull, that they may be instrumental in preventing, in some degree at least, the recurrence of such accidents on Long beach and its vicinity.

Several instances were mentioned, in which valuable dry goods, hardware, tin, and copper, had been thrown overboard as coal and salt, (and so reported in the Boston papers!) and had been fished up by wreckers. One Hullonian, it was said, had succeeded in hauling up thirty-four boxes of copper and galvanized tin, in three days, besides other valuable articles.

Some remarks were made in relation to the meanness of certain underwriters. One speaker stated, that Mr. Tower, last winter, left Hull at 4 o'clock, P. M. in the midst of a driving N E. storm, the snow a foot and a half deep, and travelled horse-back to Boston, to give information that the ship Lapland, from Liverpool, with a valuable cargo, was ashore upon Long beach. His mission was successful: the tug-steamer Robert B. Forbes went down, and saved the ship and cargo, the crew and passengers. Mr. Tower reached home again at 2 o'clock the next morning, having been on horse-back about eight hours. The underwriters paid him for his valuable and commendable services only sixteen dollars, one half of which he had to pay on the road for extra horses. Mean enough! Adjourned.

## B.

### IMPROVEMENTS IN HULL.

(\*NOTE—JUNE, 1848.) We are glad to find that a change for the better has come over the good people of Hull since 1845. They have waked up considerably within one year, and the town is now going ahead at a prety smart rate. The politics of the voters have undergone a material change: the whigs now outnumber the democrats, more than three to one. At the congressional election in April last Mr. Mann received 24 votes and Mr. Whittaker only 6. The former is everywhere known as a zealous friend of education, and a man of brilliant intellectual powers, while the latter was unknown to the people of Hull. At the previous gubernatorial election, in the fall of 1847, Mr. Briggs received 19 votes and Mr. Cushing 9: the military men did not turn out in their full strength, owing to some supposed indignity cast at them by the governor. At the last general training, in May, there were twenty-four names on the muster roll—as we learned from Capt. Lawton, a good officer and excellent disciplinarian. At this present writing, the voters are, almost to a man, democratic whigs, and friendly to Gen. Taylor as next president. They consider him in every respect competent, as well as honest, and faithful to the Constitution. This

is all the Hullonians want. His non-committal disqualifications, spoken of by some of his opponents, are the qualities most admired by the Hullonians. The vote in November will probably stand thus: for Gen. Taylor 40, for Gen. Cass 2, uncertain (Mr. Reed) 1. The war cry is, As goes Hull, so goes the State and the Country!

The town has now a minister, and pays him a moderate salary: he is a Methodist, and appears peculiarly well fitted for the station he occupies. His name is Bates. He is a good preacher, intellectually strong, and has a bold delivery; he is sixty-eight years old, but looks much younger. In addition to this, Father Bates is a philosopher: he is passionately fond of conchology, geology, botany, and mineralogy. Having travelled much, and possessing a discriminating taste, his collection of marine shells and mineral specimens is extensive and splendid. We believe he has as many as three hundred different kinds, in a fine state of preservation; and he takes delight in explaining their peculiar properties. In his preaching, he reminds one of Father Taylor, the justly celebrated and popular seamen's friend. He sheds tears *con a-more*, and makes his hearers weep with him. In short, he partakes largely of the characters of Whitfield and Linnaeus; and no one can listen to his preaching, or hold an hour's conversation with him, in relation to the vast, unfathomable depth of the Creator's power, without being charmed. He sees the hand of a benevolent Almighty Being in every thing; in every pebble washed upon the shore, and every rock that lifts its frowning peak above the heads of tempest-tost mariners; in the Ocean, and the myriads of living creatures which swarm, increase and multiply in its waters; in the countless sands of the sea-shore, and their millions of living inhabitants; in the fields and pastures, in every vegetable and every blade of grass that grows, and in the varied flowers and fruits which everywhere meet us on the land, imparting health and comfort to the heart of every christain, and a refreshing odor to his senses. We will add, that he is as full of rich anecdotes, as Gen. Jackson was of indomitable moral courage and stern Roman virtue. Father Bates was born in Cohasset: he followed fishing until he was fourteen years of age, when he went to Vermont to be educated.

As we have before said, the Hullonians, after enjoying a comfortable Rip Van Winkle sleep, are waking from their slumbers much refreshed and invigorated. There is not a man in the town who will not wear a pair of his father's old shoes if he can get a new and better pair; and, in every other respect, in all modern improvements in husbandry and navigation, the people keep pace with those of the neighboring towns; in fishing and wrecking, they excel all others. Baby jumpers have been recently introduced with success, and are fast taking the place of the cradles used a century or two since by the early settlers.

We like Hull on many accounts. We like it, on account of its retired situation, the simplicity and industry of its inhabitants, the cooling salubrity of its atmosphere, its quietness and healthfulness as a retreat for the summer months, its proximity to the sea, where fish of every kind are caught in abundance, and, in short, for the numerous pleasing associations which cluster around its early history, from the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth to the close of the revolutionary war. A man who has a particle of philosophy in him, and who is at all acquainted with the history of our country, can always find in these healthy food for the mind. The old fort,

which was erected during the revolution by the whigs of that perilous day, still stands there, a monument to their patriotic valor and indomitable perseverance, and as a memento, to the present and future generations, of the chivalric bearing of the gallant Frenchmen, Lafayette and his compaers, who rendered our young republic invaluable service in the great and trying and doubtful days of her struggle with the mother country, for liberty, equality, and the rights of man. For all these, and many more that we could mention, do we like the "smallest town in the Bay State." Then, should it not be a matter of gratification to every man in the Old Colony to see her going ahead once more?

Within a year or two past, as we noticed in our walks lately, the following improvements have taken place. Mr. Tower has enlarged his hotel considerably, and has just built an extensive portico round it, which affords a very desirable promenade and shade to his customers. He has also added several sleeping-rooms to the main building, which are neatly and handsomely furnished, and he can now accommodate some forty lodgers very comfortably. His boats are new, stanch, neat, and well fitted for company; two of them, the Susan and the Odd Fellow, are as swift on the wing, and as stifi and majestic, as an eagle in mid-air; the former is large, and can accommodate a party of thirty or forty persons. His horses and carriages are in good trim, his larder well stocked, and he is ready to receive the calls of his friends. Of his chowders, fried fish, and more substantial viands, it is needless to speak: "old wine needs no bush": Mrs. Tower is always at home. This lady is as celebrated for her cooking, as Shakspeare was for writing good plays, or Dr. Channing for preaching excellent sermons.

Mr. Henry Tudor, at his end of the town, which, as the Hon. Tom Shufleton would say, is the West end, has just completed a spacious hotel, near the Point, which will accommodate sixty lodgers. It has been taken by Mr. Harrington, an enterprising, competent young gentleman from Boston, who has fitted the house up in a neat and handsome manner: from kitchen to garret every article is new, and his facilities for accommodating large parties equal to those of any hotel on the seaboard. His dining-room is large, his kitchen roomy and the appendages well arranged, and, under the supervision of his wife and competent assistants, will tell a good story to visitors. The parlor and other rooms on the lower floor are well arranged, and cannot fail to attract attention. His parlors and sleeping rooms on the second and third floors, thirty-eight in number, are all newly furnished, with hair mattresses, windless bedsteads, fine bed-linen, &c. This establishment cannot fail to be popular with the public, and be considered quite an acquisition to the venerable town of Hull. It is within fifteen minutes sail of the fishing ground, off George's Island, and the shores abound with small fish. Mr. Harrington has several fine sail-boats, and good carriages for those who prefer riding to sailing or fishing. The Hingham steam-boat stops at Hull two or three times a day. Parties from the country can take that boat, go to Hull, fish several hours, partake of an excellent dinner, enjoy the town and the scenery, and be back again in Boston in season to take the evening railroad trains for home. There has been some curiosity excited touching the style of architecture adopted by the builder of the new hotel. Our friend Deacon Bubble, and other Hull architects, have pronounced it the pure Tudorean.

Mr. Harrington settles in Hull under very favorable auspices; and if the Whigs do not give him a generous support, they ought to be beaten at the next presidential election. He has a comely wife, active and intelligent in her movements; and this good lady, some six months ago, blessed her linsband and her country with two beautiful, chubby, blue-eyed boys, at one birth; one of them has received the name of Zachary Taylor, the other that of Winfield Scott. They are called by the military men of Hull the "two generals." We have had the little fellows in our arms, and, as the people of the interior say, "they look like two peas from the same pod;" there is not a shade of difference in their appearance. It is well worth a visit to Hull to see them. Harrington will make his fortune by these boys: if they were girls, the whigs would not probably give a doublon for the lot! But speaking of babies, we ought to mention that the "better half" of our friend Tower adds something to the rising generation every now and then: her little Moses, now five months old, is as athletic, pretty an infant, as there is in Hull; and it is possible that he may grow up to serve his country, in some future war, under one of the little generals at the new hotel. He will soon be in the bulrushes. We shall see, as Father Ritehee says.

Among other improvements in Hull, since 1845, it should be mentioned that two wharves, for the accommodation of vessels, steam-boats, and fishermen, have been built; one by Mr. Mitchell, a short distance from Tower's hotel, which is 170 feet long and 100 wide. It is a substantial structure, well put together, and built partly of stone: it cost about 2000 dollars. Mr. Tudor has extended his wharf, by adding an L to it, 50 by 60 feet: his wharf is now about 200 feet long—the depth of water at the end of it, at low tide, is from 10 to 12 feet. This wharf, which appears to be an excellent piece of workmanship, and as strong as iron and heavy oak and spruce spiles can make it, was built by Mr. Cushman, of East Boston, a faithful and ingenious mechanic.

In addition to the improvements spoken of, it may be stated that two handsome cottages, for private residence, have just been erected back of Mr. Tower's; Mr. Mitchell has built two fine bowling allies on the old fort, and many beautiful pleasure boats have been added to the squadron of last year. The Marcus Morton is still without her promised suit of colors: she belongs to young Cook, as fine a fellow, and as a safe a boatman, as there is in Hull. And then there is our friend Sawyer, of the same school—one of the best pilots of his age in Boston harbor: his new and beautiful Belle, in her dress of bright green, "walks the water like a thing of life." The Henry Clay has taken her old name, the Bare-Foot; and the Susan Hawes, belonging to Mitchell, a fine boat, and the Chip-Hat, are about to be added—the latter will no doubt prove the fastest sailer in the bay. It is proposed to get up a Regatta at Hull in a few weeks, under the direction of Skipper Hayden. Hull bay is the best and most favorable sheet of water on our coast for purposes of that kind, either for rowing or sailing. It is often graced with the presence of Gen. Winchester's Northern Light and other beautiful yachts from Boston. The Hull boatmen, than whom there are none more skilful, will probably despatch their challenge soon, and extend it to the North shore as far as Cape Ann.

A new town-hall is in progress near the pond in front of Main-street, which will cost about a thousand dollars. The upper room is to be devo-

ted to town-meetings, and the lower one to education and religion. We have thus shown, we think, that Hull is going ahead. She only wants a little more enterprise among some of her old and wealthiest citizens, a sure and regular intercourse with Boston, and a few thousand dollars from the capitalists of that flourishing city, and she will loom up like an ocean-monarch making for the shore under full sail.

The Mayflower, Capt. Beal, will touch at Hull daily, during the summer months, on her way from and to Boston. Three years ago, it was said in a letter published in a Boston paper, complimentary to the captain, that he had held more babies in his arms than all the nurses on the South shore. We are glad to find that our old and respected friend has lost none of his gracefulness in this respect, and none of his love and affection for babies and young children, since the period we refer to. What a blessed saying was that of which we read in the Bible: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

We cannot conclude this notice of Hull, without saying a few words in relation to the public houses on the South side of the beach; but these are so well known that it would seem to be an act of supererogation to speak particularly of them. That of Mr. Ripley has been a popular place of resort from the day of its opening to the present time. He has a house of great capacity, elegant accomodations, an airy and healthful situation, and his tables groan with the good things of the sea and sand and the Boston market. The Rockland is decidedly the crack house on the South shore; and we consider Mr. Strong, so favorably known at the Old Colony, an agreeable acquisition to it. Much may be said in praise of Mr. Leavitt's elegant and extensive establishment, which has also been doing a prosperous business. Our ancient friend Worrick, too, upon whose head the frosts of fifty winters have accumulated but few grey hairs, he is as bright, agreeable and thrifty as ever, and has a generous share of patronage; while the houses all along shore, at Cohasset, the Glades, &c. continue to sustain themselves handsomely, and during the summer months are overrun with customers. The dignity and progressive character of the South shore have been well kept up by our friends, and there is every reason to believe that they have been satisfied with the result.

We have purposely refrained from saying any thing in praise of Capt. Little, of the Union Hotel, in Hingham, as he has for years had some of the best company of any public house in that vicinity, and is universally considered a most accomodating, gentlemanly, "capital fellow."

### C.

#### BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOHN MITCHELL.

A FEW items in relation to the character of this mysterious and much talked about individual may not be unacceptable. It is due to the reader, however, to state, that there is nothing striking in the life of Mitchell. He has attained a remarkable degree of notoriety, like some other men we could name, without having done much to deserve it.

He was born in a small interior town near the Gulf of Venice, or Adriatic sea, fifty-seven

years ago. His parents were respectable, but not in easy circumstances. In his youth, he was like most other boys: he went to school—studied, to suit his own convenience—learned something—occasionally played with the imps of his satanic majesty, innocently—and, finally, ran away from his parents. This was about as much as was expected of boys in his country until they were fourteen years of age. He early evinced a roaming disposition. After travelling bare-footed thirty-six miles, he reached a seaport town on the Gulf of Venice, and shipped as a cabin-boy, in which capacity he served two years, in different vessels, without any remarkable circumstance occurring to him. He then followed the seas three years as an ordinary seaman, was often in battle, several times captured and impressed on board British war-ships, and always deserted the first favorable opportunity. He was also in the French navy; but was never concerned in a piracy, or an act of pillage of any kind.

Before he was seventeen years of age, Mitchell was in several severe naval engagements, but was never wounded, although he often wounded others. He has the organ of combativeness strongly developed, even in his old age. After passing through the vicissitudes and hardships incident to the life of a sailor, he at last found himself in the United States, having visited almost every place of commercial importance on the habitable globe.

Mitchell came to Boston in 1809, at the age of eighteen, and was soon employed, as a rigger, by the late Cornelius Coolidge, Capt. John Holland, Mr. McClenen,\* and others, and was considered a pretty skilful workman. He was always industrious, and through life has evinced much shrewdness. Even at this day, he is very active, and can go through as much severe duty as a man of twenty-five.

After leaving Mr. McClenen, Mitchell was engaged by the proprietors of the news room in the old Exchange Coffee House, to board vessels, collect ship news, manage the boat, &c.; and the acquaintance of the writer of this notice with him commenced about that time.

In 1815, after the peace with Great Britain, Mitchell bought a small schooner, and went on several trading voyages to the British provinces. These proving successful, he removed to Hull, in 1819, where he lived two years. He then went to Lovell's Island, and there he resided four years, built a house, dug a costly well, followed lobstering, fishing, and lightering, and cleared \$600. Afterwards, he removed to Charlestown, where he resided twelve years. Finally, he went back to Hull, and bought the large and convenient house he lives in for \$1000, with the intention of stopping there the remain-

\* This gentleman was a respectable master rigger, a Forthiller, and his death was a singular one. He had a bad corn on one of his small toes, which troubled him insupportably one day, when he went home, took a razor, and deliberately cut the toe off at one of the joints. The lockjaw set in, and he died in a few days, much regretted.

der of his days. But, possessing a restless disposition, as we have already shown, he removed to Charlestown and Boston again, where he lived several years more, and thence to Hull. This is a history of his "whereabouts," as we received it from his own lips a month ago. He has had three wives, all of whom have been prolific. His oldest son, an industrious, exemplary man, is about forty years old, while his youngest is not over four.

Mr. Mitchell has experienced all the reverses of fortune incident to the life of a man of activity and enterprise. He has been rich one day, and poor the next; but, like a cat, he always fell upon his feet. We believe he has been through Chancery successfully two or three times. In 1836-37, as he informs us, he owned about a dozen brigs and schooners, all clear, and all of which were duly registered at the Boston custom-house, in his own name; besides these, he owned real estate and other property, upon which he paid taxes regularly. He owned a wharf in Charlestown, which cost him a considerable sum of money; and he was often employed by the late Com. Hull and Amos Binney, who always found him prompt and useful.

At the present time, we believe, Mitchell owns four schooners only, which belong to Hull. He has some real estate there, also, but whether it is unencumbered or not we have no knowledge. He has been indefatigable in his labors as a wrecker—has assisted in saving the wrecks of many vessels, with their cargoes, and has received from the owners of them from \$300 to \$3000 each, for his services. He has frequently had to encounter much difficulty in the settlement of his claims upon underwriters, who have not failed to speak of his character and conduct with much freedom. With some of the Boston insurance offices he has had law suits, in one of which he received a judgment in the U. S. District Court, amounting to about \$5000 salvage money. He informs us that he has saved, by his own unaided exertions, as many as twenty human lives; and in cases almost innumerable has assisted in saving the lives of shipwrecked mariners. This is his story—a part of it we know to be true.

Mitchell is sensible that his character does not stand A 1, among some of the underwriters in State-street. But this fact does not appear to annoy him in the least. He tells us that he means to do well, and to act fairly in his dealings with every one; but he will have his rights—he will have justice done him, even at the hazard of going into a court-room for damages. He manages his wrecking business very coolly. As soon as he hears that a vessel is on shore, he fits out one of his schooners, with grappling

irons, and all the other necessary appendages for fishing up valuable articles from the bottom of the sea, and proceeds to the place designated, taking with him four or five of his men. Sometimes he is wholly unsuccessful; at other times his exertions pay him well for his trouble. He has now in his possession considerable valuable property which was recently thrown overboard from a ship from Liverpool. He had to make two voyages to obtain it; but he is willing to give it up to its rightful owners, they proving property and paying him a fair salvage for his exertions in saving it, which he puts at fifty per cent. upon the value of the articles saved. We know but little about the mode of settling such difficulties, but have understood from Mitchell that this is now his way of settling them.

On the water, Mitchell is perfectly fearless—there is no danger that he is unwilling to encounter, no risk that he is afraid to run, to accomplish his purpose. We can mention an anecdote in point. A few weeks since he had one of his schooners in Boston, partially loaded with lumber and paints for his own use. Towards evening he gave his captain and crew liberty to go ashore, with the understanding that the vessel must go down to Hull that night, on the ebb tide—the wind blowing fresh from the N W. The old man waited for them until 12 o'clock, three hours over the time appointed for their return, when, there being no signs of their appearance, he got under way, without assistance, and carried his schooner down safe to her moorings in Hull bay, in two hours. "Alone, he did it." No insurance on the vessel or cargo.

We repeat, there is nothing remarkably startling in the life of Mitchell. He is conscious that he has many enemies, some of whom consider him a pirate, others a smuggler, and others, again, a man of dishonest principles in all things; but these denunciations and suspicions apparently give him no uneasiness. At the proper time, the public will probably have an authentic account of his life, under his own signature. He has about three hundred letters on file, some of them from wealthy men; but this is not the time to publish them. If Mitchell has been a smuggler, he has had strong backers. But he is not precisely the individual many suppose him to be. At a late phrenological exhibition in Hull a large number of citizens had their heads examined by a pupil of the celebrated Fowler, who gave this individual the credit of possessing the best and largest head for scientific development and investigation of any man in that town: the prominence of his bumps was striking beyond any thing he had previously seen. This fact we have learned from several persons who were present.

## NOTICE TO READERS.

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THIS work has been delayed several days, in order that we might add to it a well executed engraving from a design by young Billings, one of the most promising artists in this country. But the engraver has disappointed us, and the picture will be given in the second edition.

That part of our Notes on the Sea-Shore which relates to Squantum will be found quite interesting. We have endeavored to make it correct, and hope that it is so, for one of the objects we have in view is to give correct historical data in a pleasing form. Our early historians inform us, that a female personage of the name of Squantum was the last of the race of King Squanto, the chief of the tribe of Mattapan, who died in 1622. He had been treacherously carried off by a number of his tribe to Spain, from whence he escaped to England, was treated with tenderness, and came to his native forests with the Plymouth colony. Hutchinson says he was a better friend to the whites than ever Massasoit was, and continued friendly to them until his death, before which he desired the governor to pray that he might be received by the white man's God in Heaven.

In some of our notes, we have spoken in the first person singular, and then again in the third person. This is an unavoidable blemish.

Book No. II is in press, and will be published about the 10th of August. It will be of the same size as this pamphlet, and embrace an account of the North Shore, as far as Cape Ann, some of the islands in Boston harbor, Boston and its environs, several towns on the South Shore, an account of the progress of steam during the last fifty years, and some other matters of interest.

The writer, in his hasty descriptions, may unintentionally have omitted to notice some important places. If he has done so, he would like to be informed of the fact. He may be found at the office of Mr. Chadwick, No. 18, Exchange-street.

Boston, July 28th, 1848.



# NOTES ON THE SEA-SHORE; OR RANDOM SKETCHES,

IN relation to the ancient town of Hull, its settlement, its inhabitants, and its social and political institutions; to the fisheries, fishing parties, and boat sailing; to Boston harbor and its islands; to Plymouth, Cohasset, Hingham, Weymouth, Squantum, Quincy, &c.; to wrecks and wreckers; to an indignation meeting at Hull, to protest against the frequency of shipwrecks on our coast; anecdote of Mitchell, and a sketch of his character; to the ministers of Hull, from its first settlement; to the Massachusetts Humane Society; to the disastrous effects of the sea upon the islands in Boston harbor; to remarkable fish stories, and the making of fish and clam chowders; to frog-fishing, clam-digging, lobster-catching, and hog-killing, at Hull; in short, to some two or three hundred other interesting subjects, all of which are noticed in the table of contents.

BY THE "SHADE OF ALDEN."

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HE WHO MAKES TWO MEN LAUGH WHERE ONLY ONE LAUGHED BEFORE,  
IS A BENEFACTOR OF THE HUMAN RACE.

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